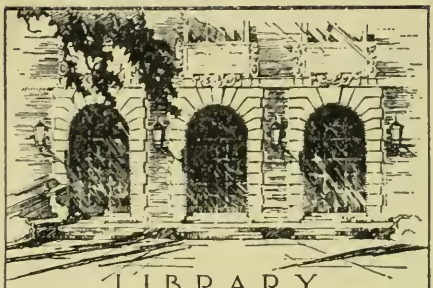

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# THEODOSIUS DE ZULVIN,

# THE MONK OF MADRID:

## *A SPANISH TALE,*

DELINEATING

VARIOUS TRAITS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

BY

GEORGE MOORE,

AUTHOR OF GRASVILLE ABBEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

O ever righteous Heaven! canst thou suffer
This sacrilegious hypocrite, this spoiler,
To steal thy terrors and blaspheme thy name,
Nor doom him instant dead?

MILLER'S *Tragedy of* MAHOMET.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce;
In Man they join to some mysterious use.
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well-wrought picture light and shade;
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.

POPE.

*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR G. AND J. ROBINSON,

PATERNOSTER-ROW;

By S. Hamilton, Falcon-Court, Fleet-Street.

1802.

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THE

# MONK OF MADRID;

## *A SPANISH TALE.*

## CHAP. XXV.

Ha! let me see her!—Out, alas! she's cold.
. . . . . .
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of the field.

SHAKSPEARE.

ORLANDO, after the close of the following day, was proceeding to visit the unfortunate Laura Barnarvo, when he accidentally met with one of the frequenters of his nightly rendezvous, who, engaging him to play for the evening, at once offered a temptation of too much consequence to permit him to keep his appointment with the miserable object of his guilty amour.

She was neglected, under the idea of gratifying his favourite passion. He instantly turned from the path he was taking, and followed his companion to their subscription-house; where they continued during the night, and concluded without any material run of fortune on either side. As he was returning through a dark street, which he chose as the most retired way, Theodosius the monk suddenly stood before him.

Orlando was now so used to these unexpected appearances of the priest, that they failed to occasion that surprise which he formerly experienced. The monk directly commenced the subject of their meeting.

" Orlando," said he, with a countenance and manner less austere than usual, " you have not remained inactive since our last interview; your exertions during this period are evident proofs that you at length rise superior to those *petit* ties of worldly etiquette which rendered you a slave to the prejudices of mankind. Have you not now gained the summit of that happiness, which, from childhood, you have viewed through a long train of perspective? Can

you wish for a more blissful state than that which you now enjoy?"

The monk waited as if for a reply. Orlando sighed deeply. He would have answered in the affirmative; but the words faltered on his lips, and he uttered them imperfectly.

Theodosius did not seem to notice his emotions: he continued—

"Your actions since we last met are not unknown to me. I beheld you plunder Don Esau the miser of his wealth in the last moments of his existence. I witnessed your attempt on the honour of Helen, and your charge of assassination against her innocent husband. I saw you last night in a public brothel, where you beheld the lost Laura Barnarvo surrounded by disease, guilt, and misery. I am acquainted with the qualms of conscience which you have experienced in momentary reflexions on the difference you beheld since the time when you first became acquainted with her, as the virtuous support of her unfortunate parents."

Orlando listened with increased astonish-

ment to these strange assertions, while he felt the strongest conviction of their truth.

"The possession of Cassandra is still to be attained," continued the monk. "Arrangements are already made for that purpose, which cannot—shall not fail of success. In the course of a few days she will suddenly disappear from the city: it will be your part to appear greatly concerned, and pretend to use every exertion for discovering her flight. Such conduct, added to your remaining in Murcia some time after the event, will at once totally preclude you from any suspicion in being a party concerned. In the course of a few days after some plausible tale must be framed to account for your return to Madrid, where Cassandra shall be delivered up to your embraces."

Orlando heard these plans with the most evident marks of satisfaction; they were such as well suited his purposes. It seemed as if the high gratification he was to enjoy was to be purchased without any personal danger to himself. He anticipated the promised bliss with rapture, and en-

gaged most minutely to perform the instructions which were given him.

In this interview it was further agreed, that Orlando should remain private, or make himself known, in Madrid, as circumstances at the time might require. These preliminaries being settled, the monk left his astonished auditor under increased ideas of his power, and perfectly satisfied with the schemes he had adopted.

No impediment the following night interfered with Orlando's visit to Laura. The door was opened by the same girl as on the former one. The house seemed in some confusion, and he soon discovered that she whom he came to visit was in her last moments. He felt a considerable shock at the information, and desired to be immediately conducted to her. He was introduced into the apartment in which he had before seen her, where, stretched on a miserable bed, and surrounded by the women of the house (the chief of whom were intoxicated), lay Laura Barnarvo, apparently labouring under excruciating tortures: her countenance was distorted with agony, while her

trembling lips uttered the most wild and incoherent discourse. Orlando observed one among the assembly whom he conjectured to be a medical man, and of him he inquired if nothing could be done to alleviate the sufferings of his patient. He was answered that it was impossible, for she had swallowed within the last three hours a large quantity of poison.

Orlando stood aghast at this information. He involuntarily again turned towards the unfortunate girl, and, resting on one knee, seized her hand, which hung lifeless and cold over the side of the bed.

Laura now for the first time turned her eyes towards him: she seemed not to know him; but, inwardly groaning while she stedfastly gazed upon his countenance, her whole frame became again convulsed; she grasped his arm, and fell back in a fainting fit upon her pillow. Orlando's ideas at this moment were fruitful and vivid: he saw Laura in her past state of innocence; he beheld her with her parents, as at those moments when they received him under their humble roof with that genuine hospitality

which was the characteristic of their humble fare.

He fain would have stifled the sensations which he found rising in his bosom; but the effort was useless. In spite of his struggles, he experienced those upbraidings of conscience which rendered the scene before him most appalling and horrible.

Laura once more languidly raised herself from her bed: her person was greatly swollen, and her face had in various parts turned black. Orlando spoke to her with much tenderness: he called upon her by her name, in a manner which he had formerly done. His voice modulated to those tones was like a shock of electricity to the poor dying girl; they appeared suddenly to recall her senses from the stupor which had benumbed them; they seemed instantaneously to sooth her anguish, and create a sudden and momentary impulse of strength before her dissolution. She seized his hand with an apparent rapture, while her looks at that instant occasioned those impressions on the mind of Orlando which were never to be effaced from his memory

He involuntarily asked her forgiveness, while his tears fell upon her bosom.

"Orlando de Mellas!" she exclaimed in a feeble voice, while her exertions were evident, and her eyes gradually closed as she gazed upon him, "may that God who now witnesses my forgiveness seal it with the mercy of his own!" A convulsive trembling prevented her further utterance, and Orlando received her in his arms—*a corpse.*

For some moments he supported his lifeless burden in silent horror, insensible to the group who surrounded him: suddenly however recovering himself, he resigned the body to two females who stood on the opposite side; and desiring the mistress of the house to follow him to another room, he presented her with a purse of sixty pistoles, and requested that she would use it to inter the deceased with perfect decency, and keep the remainder for herself and friends, whom he had seen that night; while the only return that he demanded for the present was a strict silence as to the interview which had taken place between himself and her unfortunate lodger. The

procuress declared that to so generous a cavalier nothing could be denied.

Orlando hurried from the house. He insensibly proceeded forward he knew not whither, wrapt in reflexions on the scene he had just witnessed.

His feelings had, perhaps, never been so materially affected since he had become the votary of vice.

The recollection of Laura's past state, compared with the wretched one in which she died, wholly occupied his mind. He traced the various acts of tenderness he had formerly received from her, which confirmed she loved him; and his cruelty in taking advantage of them was too glaring to be lost in his retrospection.

Orlando had not always been callous to the calls of humanity: the burning tear of momentary repentance, which at this moment fell from his eye, was a poor wandering stranger he was ashamed to recognise; he neither greeted it with kindness, nor received it with hospitality.

"Fool as I am," he exclaimed to himself, "why do I give way to these pusilla-

nimous ideas, which make a woman of me? Is the crime of seduction so horrible that I stand a single culprit on its charge? Is it not a general, a fashionable practice? Does it not add *éclat* to the character of the accused?"

These were conciliating interrogatives: they gave him considerable consolation: still, however, he was unhappy.

"Yet the sacrifices," he again whispered to himself, "which I have made to procure the gratification of certain points are of considerable magnitude. I have put myself in the power of one whose very presence chills me with horror; whose attributes, I have every reason to suppose, are more than human, and who exerts them only for the destruction of his fellow creatures. Can I then have attained that summit of happiness which the priest asserted I possessed? Oh, no! it is impossible; I am still miserable; I am still a slave to the vicious propensities of another, and gratify my own through the medium of aiding his."

"Theodosius!" he exclaimed, while he beat his forehead with agony, "it is false.

Were you by my side at this moment, I would deny the charge that I am happy."

The monk instantly stood before him.

Orlando shrunk from his presence astonished and appalled.

" Effeminate boy!" he cried; " thy coward heart is incapable of enjoying the exquisite pleasures that are within thy reach; the sensual gratifications which are held forward to you are embittered by frigid timidity and pale-eyed superstition. Is the dissolution of a common courtezan a scene so terrible, that it thus shakes thy puny conscience with qualms of repenting weakness? Be careful how you relapse under these emotions at times, when public observation may be made upon your conduct. Your brother now enters the gates of this city; you will have various spies upon your behaviour; it will require the whole fund of your finesse and resolution to frustrate their scrutiny and remarks."

" My brother in Murcia!" exclaimed Orlando with accents of astonishment: " what

event can have prompted him to the journey?"

"He may have various reasons for it," answered the monk; "but his designs shall prove abortive. Remember well the instructions I have given you: our next meeting must be on the midnight after your arrival at Madrid, in the grove on the eastern side of Olvernardo."—Orlando promised the most implicit execution of them, and Theodosius disappeared. This short interruption to his reflexions on the deceased Laura Barnarvo, by the apt intrusion of the monk, added to the information he had received of his brother's arrival, at once dispelled those ideas which had so poignantly affected him. However severe might have been their momentary impulse, Orlando was too far precipitated in his career of vice to render them of long duration. Various were the notions which the last intelligence raised in his wandering brain. His anticipations, hopes, and fears, with many other sources of intellectual employment, were the strongest stimulus to set his mind in action: ideal

scenes of various kinds instantaneously presented themselves; some flattered his vanity, and procured him the highest gratification; others, on the contrary, were merely the effects of his anxiety for their success.

In the midst of them his father was not forgotten. He often dwelled on the adventure by which he had so suddenly discovered him with amazement and horror. From the period of his leaving the inn where he had met him, to the present moment, he had felt an irresistible curiosity to be further acquainted with his fate. The monk however had not only forbid all inquiries to himself on the subject, but had laid on him the strongest injunctions of secresy with respect to that event, as well as every other in which he had been concerned with him. Even such injunctions were useless; for Orlando was equally tenacious of revealing it, as he well knew it must lead to a train of circumstances which would ultimately represent his own character under the most despicable and odious features. He had every reason to suppose Don Alphonso's being in

Spain, or even in existence, was unknown to any of his family but himself, as it was most probable he would otherwise have received some information of it from his brother or uncle.—Orlando, at intervals, could not but be sensible of some distress in being thus prevented from making himself known to his father, and compelled strenuously to conceal the knowledge of his existence: but when the security of his reputation was considered as the reward for it, the sacrifice seemed more trivial, and he performed the task with composure.

Under reflexions such as these, infinitely varied and diversified, Orlando reached his own house, and retired to his bed with objects of too great magnitude in contemplation to permit him to sleep.

The following day his brother, accompanied by Albert d'Olvernardo, was announced. Their surprise at the size and handsome appearance of the external part of his mansion was surpassed by the elegance of the internal. They were conducted through a *conversazione* chamber fitted up in great taste, and from hence to

an eating-room, in which Orlando was taking his breakfast.

He received his brother with much seeming cordiality, and Albert with considerable attention and politeness.

He evaded giving any satisfactory replies to those parts of their conversation which led in any way to remarks upon his present mode of living. During their visit various incidents occurred to impress upon them an idea of his charity and benevolence. Otto more than once entered on various pretences, which served to explain certain good deeds of his master; while Orlando, under feigned attempts to conceal them, contrived that they should be fully known.

His manners were still restrained, uneasy, and languid; the free, open, and generous hospitality with which he should have received his brother was lost under a welcome too studied, too particularised, and too much like that it might have been expected he would have given to one whom obligation rendered it necessary he should receive.

Osmund felt this in its full force.

Orlando's behaviour seemed to check those advances he would have made with a chilling coolness; and under the roof of his twin brother he found himself less at home and at ease than he had perhaps ever been since the time he quitted Seville for Madrid.

In the course of a few hours they took their leave. Orlando much pressed them to take refreshment, and to fix another day to dine with him. Both Albert and Osmund evaded the invitation: they mentioned their stay at Murcia was but for a short time, but that they would call upon him during that period.

In the course of the same week Orlando met them at several public places: a few words *en passant* from each other were the only greeting which took place.

Three weeks had not elapsed since Orlando's last interview with the monk, when one evening a servant arrived from Don Everard de Gosmond, with a request from his master that he would repair to him immediately.

His breathless agitation and alarm directly occasioned in Orlando strong conjec-

tures that the promises of Theodosius were fulfilled, and Cassandra secured.

He questioned the domestic, and soon found his anticipations were correct; that it was on this event his master, who was nearly distracted, wished to consult him.

Orlando instantly attended Don Everard, whom he found in a situation similar to what the messenger had described.

He understood that Cassandra had that evening left the house before dark, for the purpose of making some small purchases but a very short distance from their house.

This was only the second time Don Everard had permitted her to go out unaccompanied by himself; but the early hour of the evening he naturally supposed rendered her absence perfectly safe. Alarmed at her not returning in the short space he calculated she would be gone, he immediately sent to the shop, and found she had been there, but had left it some time.

His anxiety increased as the evening advanced: he dispatched two of his servants in different directions in search of her; but, after remaining two hours absent, they returned without any intelligence.

Don Everard, almost in a state of madness, immediately sent for Orlando, who now began to utter exclamations, and preach hope with peculiar facility.

He soon discovered Don Everard's suspicions fell upon Albert and Osmund. He did not attempt to deny or conceal them.

Osmund, on his arrival at Murcia, had waited upon Don Everard, and had even attempted to assuage his resentment against Albert.

Osmund was known by Don Everard to be upon terms of the strictest intimacy with Olvernardo; which was sufficient to draw upon him a part of that displeasure which the old signior felt towards his friend. It therefore was not surprising that his interference as a mediator between them failed to produce the reconciliation for which he was so anxious, and that it occasioned him even a worse reception than he might otherwise have met with. Osmund, in his turn, found himself offended by Don Everard's petulant manners, and determined not to renew his visits. The cause of Cassandra's disappearance was instantly laid to their

charge by her inconsolable parent: their remaining in Murcia after the event he considered as no proof to the contrary, and in the height of his phrensy he threatened to demand from them personal satisfaction, or lay an actual complaint before the king of Spain of the injuries he had sustained. Orlando most artfully added to these suspicions, by slightly mentioning many trivial circumstances which appeared in some degree to coincide with them; and although he pretended to be hurt at the idea of including his brother in an action of so criminal a nature, he dexterously managed that Don Everard should be perfectly convinced of his guilt.

Several days elapsed. Don Everard's emotions brought on an indisposition of an alarming nature, which confined him to his chamber. He placed full confidence in Orlando, to use those exertions for the discovery of his child, of which he was unable through his age and infirmities.

Orlando seemed to be uncommonly industrious on the occasion, while he secretly took every method to counteract the few

efforts he was necessitated publicly to make in the affair.

During this period Albert and Osmund, who were soon made acquainted with Cassandra's sudden disappearance by general report, were equally astonished and alarmed at the event. The distress of the former was as violent and as poignant as that of her father: he requested of Osmund, however unpleasant the visit might be, once again to wait upon Don Everard, and make another attempt to convince him that those suspicions were erroneous, which he was certain would be now considerably increased. Osmund for the satisfaction of his friend consented, although he had little hope of success.

He once more went to the house of Don Everard de Gosmond, but was informed by the servant, that Don Everard was confined to his bed, and that no one was permitted to see him but Don Orlando de Mellas.

Osmund immediately proceeded to the dwelling of his brother; but Orlando, anticipating such a visit, had given Otto strict orders that he might be denied.

On his return to Albert, they determined to use every exertion themselves for the recovery of Cassandra; which were they fortunate enough to accomplish, would in all probability at once annihilate the prejudices of Don Everard.

They instantly dispatched several persons on the expedition, and each took a separate road for the same purpose: every attempt, however, proved fruitless; they could meet no one who was able to give them the information they wanted.

In the course of a few days they gave up all hopes of success; while their astonishment at this second extraordinary circumstance relative to Cassandra could only be exceeded by their concern.

Osmund, during the interval, called several times both at the house of Don Everard and his brother: but the former, he was told, still continued too much indisposed to be seen; and the latter was never at home—while his servant could give no information where he was to be found.

In the midst of these events Albert received a letter from Madrid, which called

him immediately to the castle. The marquis, his father, had been taken suddenly ill, and when the messenger set off his life was despaired of by his physicians. His mother requested he would return to Olvernardo with the utmost expedition: not only her own inclinations most powerfully prompted her to wish for his presence, but his father appeared to have a similar desire. His disorder was hinted to be of a dreadful nature, and that there was little probability of Albert seeing him alive, unless he travelled with the greatest expedition.

Albert received this information with unfeigned distress: his anxiety for the fate of Cassandra for a moment gave way to filial affection; his request to Osmund to accompany him to the castle was too ardent, and delivered under too many oppressing circumstances, to be denied.

They quitted Murcia in three hours, while every method was taken to facilitate their journey.

Orlando soon received intelligence of their departure, which he directly conveyed

to Don Everard, whose emotions and passion increased at this additional proof (as he supposed it) of Albert's guilt, while the weak state of his health rendered them extremely dangerous.

Orlando now considered it would be necessary to hasten his own departure. He offered to Don Everard, if possible, to trace the road which his brother and Albert had taken; by which means he might probably be able to frustrate their designs.

The old man was much pleased with the proposal, and, after requesting he would write to him by every communication possible, begged he would leave the city immediately. Orlando, after promising to fulfil all his wishes, took his leave; and giving Otto particular instructions in what manner to act during his absence, he also quitted Murcia, and took the direct road to Madrid.

## CHAP. XXVI.

The time and my intents are savage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

SHAKSPEARE.

ORLANDO travelled with his own servants till he arrived within six leagues of Madrid: he then informed them he should ride alone the remaining part of his journey. The men no sooner left him than he instantly proceeded with considerable dispatch to the city.

It was the dusk of the evening when he entered the suburbs. He had planned his travelling so as to arrive about that hour, fearful of being recognised

He alighted at a small inn; and desiring his horse to be taken care of for the night, he requested to be shown to a chamber.

They conducted him to a miserable apartment. Orlando, however, was by no means displeased with it: he con-

ceived he should be less liable to discovery. His host was anxious to know if he would sleep there; if he would have any supper; where he came from, and what might be his business in Madrid. The curiosity of this man ill suited Orlando, who answered all his questions with much triteness, and without any satisfaction. The inn-keeper was inclined to turn sulky; but his guest suddenly ordered a good supper, and produced a purse which confirmed he had plenty of money to pay for it. Orlando quitted the inn a little before midnight: the landlord seemed astonished, and the former was by no means pleased in observing him to be so. He strove as much as possible to give plausible reasons for his conduct. He said he was going to visit a relation, that lived at the house of an old hidalgo whose eccentricities were numerous; one of which was, a prohibition against any of his attendant's friends being seen at his house.

"Oh! we can remedy that," said the curious landlord: "let us send for him here."

"On no account," replied Orlando: "He is confined to his chair, and he will not suffer my relation to quit him for a moment. He generally retires to rest about this time, and it is probable I shall stand a good chance to be admitted."

"By St. Anthony!" said the landlord, "I believe your relation is a female one."

The landlord conceived he was a wit, and he gave himself credit for the repartee by a horse laugh; while Orlando looked grave, and in some measure displeased.

"You are a sly rogue," continued the inn-keeper, following up his jokes: "have seen many of your sort, who look as grave as *my* father confessor, but who have got a devilish cloven foot under their garment."

Orlando felt his face burn: it was not so much the blush of indignation as of conscious guilt.

He found that it was in the power of an ignorant rustic, by a mere common place coarse observation, to rouge the cheek of his intellectual superior, when his conscience was not proof against the unintended *entendre* he might utter.

Orlando broke up the conversation; and observing that he should in all probability return in about an hour, was again laughed at by the landlord, who hoped his female relation would make him too welcome to suffer him to come back that night. Orlando was necessitated to conceal his displeasure, and quitted the inn without reply.

The night was stormy and tempestuous. Orlando, as he stood upon an eminence in the suburbs, observed the whole city illumined by repeated flashes of vivid lightning.

The view was grand and interesting. The whole firmament at intervals appeared in a blaze, while the pale and trembling light cast instantaneous reflexions on the mouldering turrets of Olvernardo in the distance.

He found himself more than usually depressed. The most horrid presentiments seemed to weigh upon his soul. Retrospective ideas of past scenes and past friends floated on his mind; their remembrance struck forcibly to his heart; he involunta-

rily clasped his hands together in agony, and burst into tears.

"Merciful God!" he exclaimed. The ejaculation died away on his lips; the atmosphere was again illumined by a flash of lightning the most terrific he had ever seen; the city appeared in a flame; while a ball of fire fell from a bursting cloud, apparently over his head.

Orlando's eyes were raised to the heavens. It seemed as if the angry vengeance of his God was at this moment hurling destruction upon him. He shrunk back trembling and appalled at the horrible thought, while the last rays of the electrical light shone on the ghastly figure of Theodosius the monk. Orlando inwardly groaned, and sunk back on the fragment of a stone pedestal, which was among the ruins of an ancient building that had formerly covered the ground where he stood.

The countenance of the priest was much altered since their last meeting. It was more than usually pale and withered, while a peculiar brilliancy in his eyes ren-

dered his appearance seemingly more than mortal.

The posture in which he stood was extremely striking. His arms were extended in a majestic attitude; his body was perfectly erect; while the habit he wore under the costume of his order added to the picturesque figure which he made.

It was some little time before the tremendous clap of thunder that followed Orlando's discovery of his being near him permitted conversation.

The monk, after a considerable pause, thus addressed him, in a voice uncommonly inward and solemn:—

"Orlando de Mellas, this night, this dreadful night, is destined to be the crisis of our contract."—Orlando shuddered at his words.

"The hour is now arrived when you must show yourself worthy of my confidence, by a capability to perform a deed which will at once render me the most essential service."

Orlando was unable to answer him. He

still rested against the pedestal, while his eyes were fixed on the ground.

The monk, who appeared to have lost a great part of his austerity, continued—

"I am fully sensible of the terrors which at this moment strike your soul. I am acquainted with the internal workings of your diseased mind. I am sensible of the sensations they have occasioned;—but, believe me, these effects are produced through false mediums. Be more yourself: remember the happiness which is in store for you. You are young, rich, and have a high reputation among your fellow creatures. Every gratification, every pleasure, which the world contains, are ready to court you. Years of luxurious enjoyment await you. Insensible boy! throw not away the cup of bliss for the bitter dregs of childish reflexions."

"They are reflexions," answered Orlando in a faltering voice, "which are involuntary, and which I am unable to annihilate. They distort in this distracted brain the outline of my own character, till it becomes a monster too horrible and hideous even for

shadowed representation. The crimes I have already committed seem to be increasing tenfold; my feelings are agonising; I am unable to support the horrors which surround me."

"Fool!" cried the monk, while he grasped his wrist with violence; "follow me: these are the mere whimpering complaints of a baby heart, the effeminate anticipations of a weak-minded woman."

Orlando, unable to disobey this command, which was given under his usual severity of features and action, followed him with trembling steps. The storm continued with unabated violence. The path which the monk took was lonely and deserted; not a human being was to be seen except themselves; the situation of Orlando's mind prevented him from making any attempts to conjecture where it led; the monk still held his arm, and he continued by his side in passive obedience.

After walking some time, they arrived at a gothic porch, which Orlando discovered to be the entrance to the east part of

Olvernardo. He started at the discovery: the monk perceived his agitation.

"We must enter," said Theodosius: "it is in yonder chambers our plans must be executed. Orlando," he continued in a tone of much encouragement, "a few moments' resolution will at once place *me* in a state of impregnable security, and free *you* from those ties I still hold upon your actions. Spur then your courage to its highest pitch, with the idea that it is the last time you will have occasion for the exertion."

Orlando listened to these words with peculiar attention. They carried temptations in them perhaps more forcible than he had ever yet offered. By one deed of darkness to extricate himself from the ties of the monk, was an incitement of no ordinary magnitude.

Theodosius opened the wicket of the porch by a key which he had in his pocket. They entered a dark passage, supported by heavy piers, and arched over on the top; a lighted lamp was suspended from the ceiling, which the monk unhooked from the

chain, and proceeded forward by the assistance of its pale and trembling rays.

After traversing a second passage similar to the first, and apparently of considerable length, they ascended a flight of stone stairs, and, passing through a small door-way, entered a large hall of Gothic structure, the whole of which was much out of repair, and in parts actually in ruins. The monk crossed this place towards his right with great precipitation. The hollow sound of their steps echoed to its vaulted roof, while the faint beams from his lamp rendered the surrounding shadows more gloomy and awful.

They arrived at a similar door and staircase, in a remote angle of the hall to that which they had left. The monk descended, and Orlando, with increased wonder and expectation, followed.

The apartments below seemed extremely intricate. They had the appearance of cells, were barren of furniture, and contained no apertures for light.

They passed several of this description in much haste, and arrived at one separated

from the others by a small narrow pas sage, the entrance to which was through a pair of heavy doors, that were entirely closed.

The monk halted at this spot, and remained some time as if in profound thought. He then suddenly turned to Orlando, and addressed him thus :—

" Your looks and manner seem to indicate you are but ill prepared to accomplish the deed which at this moment waits for your completion. Orlando, we must be desperate. This is not an hour for conscious equivocation ; no time must be lost in squeamish affectation. There is one within this chamber who must be destroyed by your hand."

Orlando groaned with agony.

" Perhaps," continued the monk, " the task will not be so horrible as your pusillanimous mind delineates. He is in no situation to struggle for his existence ; he sleeps ; his senses are benumbed with an artificial stupor, produced by the infusion of a certain drug in his drink. The arm of an infant might strike the fatal blow ; the cou-

rage of a timid girl would be competent to this mighty deed, which shakes your puny nerves with so much violence."

"Why not, then," exclaimed Orlando with some firmness, "strike this fatal blow yourself? Why trust to my trembling nerves? Why stain my hands with the blood of a fellow creature, and increase the oppressions which now lie so heavy on my soul, by adding murder to the crimes I have already committed?"

"Fool!" answered the monk, "would you pretend to work upon me by a mere semblance of virtue? Do you flatter yourself I know you not? Your coward hand would shake at plunging this dagger into the breast of your fellow man! Have you never destroyed him by means more torturing and cruel? Can reflexion raise no images in your creative brain, tinged in blood, who point at you with curses uttered by the last trembling breath of life? See you not in the visionary perspective the reverend figure of Valvard, the more youthful form of Clement his son, and the unfortunate Helen? Can you not discover

the wan and expressive countenance of Barnarvo the jeweller, as he looked upon you in the moment he expired? Are not the features of his wife in the ghastly group? And have the agonies of death so far distorted those of the once innocent Laura, that, although you formerly gazed upon her with all the rapture of youthful passion, you cannot now endure the loathsome figure of her transformation? Orlando, you deceive yourself," continued the monk, elevating his voice to a considerable pitch: "you are the murderer of all these shadowed forms: you may attempt to equivocate with your conscience, but their blood rests upon your soul."

"Barbarian!" exclaimed Orlando with distraction, "drive me not to madness: plunge your dagger into *this* breast; but, for the sake of mercy, repeat not those accusations again."

"Then play not the hypocrite with me," answered Theodosius. "It is for those to shrink from murder who can stand uncharged with murderous crimes. It is for those to be appalled with horror at the idea of shed-

ing human blood, who have never before been the destroyers of human existence."

The monk opened the doors of the chamber at which they stood by a key of considerable size, and seemingly of peculiar workmanship. They entered a spacious room of similar form and height to those they had already passed. It appeared to contain but little furniture; a lamp was suspended from the ceiling, and some elevated casements, at unequal distances from the floor, admitted sufficient light to distinguish the gloomy horrors of the place. The monk paced the chamber with a slow and solemn step; Orlando followed in fearful suspense. They arrived at a recessed part, in which he observed, on a sofa of black velvet, a female figure apparently in profound sleep. Theodosius desired him to approach. He gently drew away the veil which covered her face, and Orlando beheld the lovely Cassandra de Gosmond.

He uttered a faint ejaculation of surprise and emotion; and suddenly turning to Theodosius, for a moment lost his utterance,

while the various passions which agitated his breast were visible in every action.

The priest continued silent; he pointed to the couch, and motioned Orlando to conceal his raptures.

Cassandra perhaps never appeared more beautiful. The dark covering of the sofa on which she lay, added to the gloom of the whole chamber, seemed to render the delicacy of her face unusually attractive. She was wrapped in a white muslin night-dress; it seemed purposely contrived to discover the beauties of her person, which were exposed without the least consideration to delicacy, and apparently for the direct purpose of raising the passions of the visitor.

"Orlando," said the monk, after a pause of some minutes, "you observe I have fulfilled my promise—Cassandra is in your power: your desires may be gratified without the least probable danger of interruption or discovery."

His transports were expressed in every feature; he grasped the hand of the monk

with infatuation, while his bursting eyes remained fixed upon the sofa.

" Be calm," continued Theodosius, " and mark me: This bliss must be purchased. Orlando, you have experienced the joys of yielding beauty; your bosom now beats high with strong and vigorous desires; one moment's resolution, and you surmount all your difficulties. Brace, then, your nerves to the highest pitch, show yourself a man, perform the deed I shall require of you with a daring soul, and enjoy the rapturous delights which at this moment await you!"

" I will execute it," exclaimed Orlando with phrensy: " such a sight as this would tempt me to perdition. I have no will; my agonised breast is torn by passions I can neither command nor annihilate. Immortal monk! I am aware that this moment is perhaps that of my destruction; I feel I am your slave; my struggles are useless, my fate is decided."

A tremendous noise of thunder seemed at this instant to shake the chamber in which they stood. Theodosius grasped his arm, and slowly pulled a dagger from under his

garment. Orlando shrunk back at the sight; he received it with a trembling hand.

"Be firm!" exclaimed the monk, while he led him to a different part of the chamber.

They now arrived at a bed composed of similar cloth to that of the sofa, on which lay extended a male figure. He appeared clad in the costume of a foreign country; his arms were crossed upon his breast, and a muslin veil was thrown over his face. The monk held up his lamp: its sickly beams were shed upon the sleeping man, and he pointed towards his heart.

"You must strike here," he whispered to Orlando, who stood motionless by his side, with the instrument of death elevated in his hand: "one blow, and your task is ended."

A vivid flash of lightning at this instant darted through the casements: the apartment seemed in a blaze, while it was followed by thunder more awful than they had yet heard. The monk suddenly fell back against one of the piers which supported the arched ceiling of the chamber; he appeared to be slightly struck by the light-

ning; his countenance was changed, and his features distorted: he trembled violently; he motioned Orlando to take the lamp from his hand, and for some moments he was speechless. Orlando gazed upon him with horror: he remained in the same posture, with the dagger elevated, ready to strike at the breast of the destined victim; but he still hesitated, and seemed irresolute in action.

"Theodosius," he exclaimed, "the power of an omnipotent God appears at this moment to interfere with the horrid act we are about to commit—his lightnings seem directed to blast us."

"Pusillanimous fool!" exclaimed Theodosius, "why heed you a mere war of elements? I brave its power. Let its forked rays singe my electrical body, still it shall light me to this deed of blood."

The figure on the bed at this moment gently moved his hand from the posture in which it lay.

"No time must be lost," continued Theodosius: "the effects of the drug which he

has swallowed begin to lose their power: a few minutes, and he may awake."

Orlando still remained motionless.

"Damnable coward!" he exclaimed; while he snatched the dagger from the uplifted hand of Orlando, and aimed it himself at the breast of the sleeping man. Another flash of lightning again illumined the chamber; the space in which they stood seemed instantaneously in a flame. The dagger dropped from the grasp of the monk: he covered his face with his cowl, staggered to some distance, and fell senseless on the pavement of the chamber. A tremendous clap of thunder followed; strong convulsions of an earthquake were immediately experienced; a part of the eastern battlements of the castle fell with a dreadful crash, while the whole building seemed to shake from its centre. The monk slowly recovered from the second shock he had received. The last observation which he made, relative to the probability of the figure on the couch waking from his slumber, was perhaps more calculated to urge

Orlando to the horrid act he was going to commit than any other arguments or threats he could have used. In that case there was no probability of escaping discovery. He raised his arm with precipitation; he held the dagger to the bosom of his victim, who at the very instant languidly elevated his hand, and by the motion moved the veil from his face.

Orlando beheld the countenance of his father. He shook with convulsive horror.

The monk, who had by this time raised himself from the ground, witnessed the event with rage and anxiety. A distant noise of feet, pacing the passages leading to the chamber in which they stood, was distinctly to be heard.

Theodosius with tottering limbs moved towards the part where Orlando stood; he seized his arm with violence, while his voice was firm and resolute.

" Orlando de Mellas," he cried, " this moment is the decisive period of your fate. Those whom you hear pacing yonder avenues are in search of this chamber: you have no means to escape. Inert coward!

reflect but for a moment on the situation in which you must stand on their discovery of it: the immaculate purity of your character blasted for ever, while your name will be handed down to posterity—a lasting monument of blighted ambition and pretended sanctity. Public fame shall declare you the wanton brutal ravisher of unprotected innocence—the inhuman, unnatural, designing murderer of your own father. The light of the rising sun, which will shortly tinge the horizon with the refulgent beams of returning day, shall present you to the populace of Madrid as a monster horrible in nature, a wretch so loaded with crimes, that your fellow-citizens shall view you with abhorrence, while your appellation shall become proverbial for vice and infamy."

The footsteps approached nearer: they could hear many voices, and at intervals discern the gleam of torches.

"Orlando," the monk continued in a hurried tone, "strike but the fatal blow, and you shall yet be preserved from the horrors which surround you. I can yet effect your escape in a few moments: the slightest

suspicion shall not fall upon your character; Cassandra shall still be yours with safety; you shall have the full enjoyment of your wealth without molestation, and continue to maintain that high eminence in society for your supposed virtue which so well suits your taste."

Orlando groaned with agony. He well foresaw the horrors of a discovery by the inhabitants of the castle at the present moment: all those visionary schemes of happiness which he had planned to procure by the wealth he had lately amassed seemed in danger of being annihilated for ever. There was every probability of the dreadful words of the monk being strictly fulfilled; the tortures of a public and ignominious death were before him; the idea of lost enjoyments and blasted fame drove him to distraction.

"This is an awful crisis!" he exclaimed, while his eyes glared wildly on his sleeping parent: "there is no alternative—struggles are useless."

During these reflexions the footsteps seemed to arrive near the place. At the

very moment Orlando elevated his hand with the horrid determination to sheath his dagger in the bosom of his father, the door suddenly burst open. The monk, observing Orlando's arm again arrested, immediately drew forth another poniard, which he had concealed under his garment, and stabbed him to the heart: he then, with a desperate effort, plunged the same fatal and bloody instrument into his own bosom. The wretched father of the twins had by this time raised himself in his bed, and was received in the arms of his surviving son.

It was Albert and Osmund who entered the chamber, attended by several domestics. The horrors of the scene can be but faintly delineated.

Orlando survived a few minutes. He was supported by his brother and Albert; while Alphonso, who soon discovered the dreadful information that he was his son, by the involuntary exclamations of those who surrounded them, elevated his clasped hands towards heaven with fervency, and uttered an inward prayer for his dying child. Osmund gazed alternately on the expiring

form of his brother and the pale emaciated figure of his recovered parent. He felt the pangs of his fraternal loss; he experienced the joy of having gained a father: his emotions were visible in every feature; he struggled with his feelings; tears were denied him, and he sunk almost lifeless in the arms of an attendant who stood near him. Orlando, after some little time, languidly opened his eyes; he motioned that his brother and father might be brought near him. A hand of each were placed between his. The agonies of death appeared for a moment suspended; he raised his eyes towards heaven, kissed the hands that he held with his trembling dying lips, and dropped on them a tear—a last tear of repentance. He survived but a few moments after; during which he raised himself as if in extreme misery, and, heaving a convulsive sigh, instantly expired.

Thus died Orlando de Mellas; in all probability a sacrifice to the mistaken system of education pursued by his uncle.

He possessed all the requisites for forming a splendid ornament in society. He

was reared, it is true, under principles of the strictest virtue; but he was too suddenly exposed to snares, the toils of which he was unacquainted with, and to temptations he had not acquired fortitude to withstand.

He was the reclused child of severe confinement, the mechanical follower of virtues he only practised by precept. The more noble parts of his nature were cramped by a frigid seclusion from society; and those sources of human kindness which confer the highest honour on his species were frozen by a total want of opportunity to call them into action.

A peculiar pride to acquire a *name* for being virtuous formed a prominent trait in his character, and was a principal cause of his destruction. May charity draw a veil over his memory! may his crimes only be remembered as an example to others! and that tear which would have bedewed the recollection of him as a puritan, still grace the philanthropic remembrance that he once deserved it!

Theodosius survived him some minutes. He appeared perfectly sensible, and was

not deprived of his speech. His body was writhed with contending passions; horror, malice, and bodily pain, affected his features with the most horrid distortions. He was supported by two alguazils, who had also entered the chamber. Although in the last agonies of dissolution, he still uttered curses on the surrounding persons.

"I yet," he exclaimed, "have some satisfaction: Lucretia d'Olvernardo is no more!"

"Villain!" cried Albert, while his eyes darted fire on the dying monk, "the interposition of Providence has frustrated your diabolical designs. Behold the confederate in your infernal schemes!"

At this moment a man of middle age and ferocious appearance was brought forward, in the custody of two guards of the civil power. Theodosius beheld him with uncommon agitation.

"Know then, wretched monk, that your hands are imbrued in the blood of your own daughter. In the supposed Lucretia you have murdered the child in whom your ambitious hopes were centred. Your strug-

gles for the elevation of Leonora have been exerted for my sister, the elder offspring of the marquis d'Olvernardo."

The monk breathed with difficulty. He listened to the words of Albert with trembling expectation and excessive horror. Albert continued—

"The nurse who first had the charge of both, from motives of the greatest policy, changed the children. For the truth of this assertion, I appeal to him in whom you have hitherto placed the most implicit confidence."

Theodosius turned his languid countenance towards the stranger. For a moment it beamed with uncommon expression: the latter bowed assent to what Albert had uttered, and elevated his hands towards heaven, as if he called God to witness it. Theodosius saw or heard no more; his eyes instantly closed for ever.

The attention of all was now turned towards Cassandra, who began slowly to recover from the temporary death in which she had been thrown by the machinations of the monk, and who had been concealed

from observation by the remote and dark part of the chamber in which she lay. She gazed on those around her with wildness and horror: she listened to the voice of Albert with attention, but answered him not; while her whole manner threatened a relapse of the dreadful delirium under which she had formerly suffered.

Some of the female attendants of the marchioness were immediately sent for. She was conveyed by them to an apartment in the inhabited part of the castle, and medical assistance procured.

Alphonso embraced his surviving son with rapture; but the weak and debilitated state of his constitution required that his emotions should be called forth as little as possible. He likewise was taken to the chambers above, attended by Osmund and Albert, while the care of the bodies of the deceased was left to an old confidential servant of Olvernardo.

The events which occasioned Albert and Osmund's sudden entrance to the subterraneous passages, at the moment when their presence frustrated those horrid



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schemes that were on the point of execution, were highly interesting, and appeared a strong and glowing proof of the omnipotence and wisdom of that Providence which may be traced through the affairs of men.

Albert and Osmund, on their arrival at Olvernardo from Murcia, found the contents of the letter which had occasioned their journey too minutely verified. The physicians who attended the marquis declared he could not survive many hours, although he was then in a slumber, which had a flattering appearance to those around him.

Two days before he had had an interview with a man whose figure and dress bespoke him to be of desperate character. His presence was occasioned by a note dispatched from the marquis to a certain reclused hovel in the outskirts of the city, to which place he himself directed the messenger, who was his confidential attendant. The stranger visited the castle at night, and was introduced into the sick chamber, while every other person was ordered to leave it.

Their conference lasted about three hours.

The visitor departed, while the exertion and agitation which the marquis seemed to have experienced rendered his life doubtful even to the following morning.

His mind, however, became more composed: he asked for his son with much earnestness, and was very impatient to behold him.

He was informed Albert had been sent for by an express messenger, and he seemed greatly pleased with the information.

The latter part of the day, a Spanish grandee of considerable dignity, and in the confidence of the king, visited the marquis, and another private interview took place.

The former gave orders that Theodosius should not be suffered to approach him. Another priest of the same order was immediately nominated his confessor, and remained alone with him some hours.

The grief of his wife and daughter was most poignant. The marquis comforted them with a composure he had never exerted in health: he seemed to look forward to his dissolution with a degree of resigna-

tion which confirmed he had no wish to live.

A few hours before Albert and Osmund's arrival, his disorder rapidly increased: his physicians were apprehensive he might not survive to see his son. In this point, however, they were deceived; but he was unable to support an interview with him till the night of that day on which they reached the castle.

Albert was then conducted to his chamber. The nobleman already mentioned was present, as likewise the confessor.

Early in the evening, the man of suspicious appearance, who had before been introduced to the castle, arrived in the custody of two alguazils. They were conducted to a room near that of the marquis's, and were ordered to wait till their presence should be demanded. It was near midnight before the former was desired to join the conference in the chamber of death.

The marchioness and Isabella, during this time, remained in most dreadful state of suspense. They expected that moment

with the utmost anxiety which was to develop the mysteries that had so long hovered over them; while their grief for the loss of the marquis (of whose recovery they had been given no hopes from the commencement of his indisposition) served to increase their distress.

Theodosius de Zulvin had several times demanded admittance to the presence of the marquis during the last two days, but was unable to attain it. He appeared greatly agitated at the denial; was seen more in the castle than usual; often inquired after the state of the marquis's disorder, and of the probability how long he might survive. To these questions he received answers of a very unsatisfactory nature.

During the latter part of the second day he was observed but once, and then made his daily inquiry with the same earnestness.

The marquis expired in the arms of his son about two hours after the latter had been admitted to his chamber. Suddenly the whole castle appeared in confusion: the sorrow of the family and domestics, at the

melancholy event, were for a moment suspended at the strange circumstances which immediately followed.

Albert ordered the chief part of the male servants to arm themselves immediately. He flew to his mother and sister in a state of mind little short of madness. He declared to them that in a few hours the horrid mysteries of their family would be developed; and though there were circumstances in the tale which he well knew would occasion them much astonishment and horror, still it was necessary they should be acquainted with the minute circumstances, and be in some measure prepared for the wounds such a relation might inflict.

Osmund in the mean time assembled the servants in the great hall, and informed them it was the wish of their departed lord, as well as their present one, that the vaulted chambers of Olvernardo should be instantly searched, as there were very strong reasons for supposing some plans of a diabolical nature were at that moment on the point of being executed within them.

The domestics showed the greatest wil-

lingness to obey; and being joined by Albert, they immediately proceeded to the eastern part of the castle.

The violence of the storm destroyed a part of the turrets. Their progress was for a moment suspended by the horrors of the scene; but they shortly proceeded, although the intricacies of the place rendered their efforts for a time useless. They at length discovered the fatal chamber; and the consequences of their entrance have already been related.

A messenger was immediately dispatched to Murcia, to inform Don Everard de Gosmond of the safety of his daughter, and was empowered to relate some circumstances which would tend to convince him of the mistaken conception he had imbibed relative to the cause of her disappearance. Cassandra, on the evening of her departure from Murcia, had quitted her father's house but a short time, when a man, whom she did not recollect to have seen before, suddenly overtook her, apparently out of breath with running. He informed her, her father had sent him to say, that he begged

she would not remain out long; that he was going to the house of her physician, and would be glad if she would call upon him there, that they might walk home together.

Cassandra at first hesitated. "I know you not," she exclaimed. "I this moment left my father, yet heard of no such arrangements." — "It is of little consequence to me, Donna Cassandra," said the stranger, seemingly much hurt at her scruples, "whether you attend to the message or not. Methinks you must have seen me often enough to know me. I am related to signior Percy, the landlord of your house, who lives next door to you. I was just parting with him as your father went out: he knows me, and on that account did not hesitate to request I would overtake you."

Cassandra's doubts were destroyed by the plausibility of the fellow's tale. She thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and he immediately departed. She remained but a few moments at the shop for fear of detaining Don Everard, but directly proceeded towards the house of the physician.

In her way, she had a very retired street to pass. Observing a carriage, however, at the further end, she ventured to go down it, supposing it was waiting for company at some of the houses, the inhabited rooms of which were chiefly in the opposite fronts. The gloom of the evening had already begun to shadow the city; there were but few people about, except in the principal squares. In the part where Cassandra was then walking she could discover no one going the same way: she hurried forward, and had nearly arrived at the spot where the carriage was standing, when she found herself suddenly seized by two men, who instantly bound a handkerchief over her mouth and eyes. They then placed her in the very vehicle she had considered as a mark of security, and which immediately went forward at a considerable rate.

Cassandra, for some hours, remained insensible to her situation. The person who had placed her in the carriage seemed still to continue by her side. As she supposed, about midnight, they stopped at a small

hovel, on the side of a narrow and retired road.

She was told by one of her companions, she might alight at this place for a few moments.

An elderly woman received her at the door; to whom she was going to utter some complaints, when the former instantly ordered her to be silent, with the most horrible oaths of vengeance if she refused. She fainted in the arms of the female, and it was some time before she recovered. She refused to partake of the refreshment which was prepared for her, and in less than half an hour they resumed their journey. On her re-entering the carriage, the handkerchief was again placed over her mouth and eyes, which had been taken from them when she alighted.

Cassandra was unable to conceive how long this mode of travelling continued. The violence of her alarm and terror, in part, deprived her of her senses. They stopped at various times for short intervals: she was sometimes taken from the carriage, and

given to the charge of women who belonged to the places where they halted. The weak state to which she was soon reduced prevented her using much exertion to touch the feelings of the hosts in her favour; and she could perceive some tales, equally false and prejudicial to her character, had been propagated at each of the houses where they stopped, to frustrate any attempts she might make for that purpose. She was at length informed, they had arrived at the end of their journey. The handkerchief was, as usual, removed from her eyes, and she was conducted into a solitary and apparently uninhabited dwelling. Her fears rather augmented than decreased. She requested to know if she was to be left alone, and was answered in the negative. A young girl was introduced, who approached her with fear, and who instantly prepared some refreshment. In an inner room, within a small recess, was placed a wretched bed. She was informed she must remain in this place for some little time; that any attempts to escape from it would be folly; while he who addressed

her declared it would be his station to keep watch in an outer apartment. She would have asked some questions of this man, but he stopped her with a short and brutal answer. He consented to the young girl's remaining with her during the night, provided she solemnly promised not to draw her into conversation. She soon saw the strange alarm which the latter appeared to have in her presence, would at once prevent it, and at length discovered she had been taught to believe her insane.

Under this situation she remained for some days, the young female constantly attending her without uttering a word. Cassandra used every effort, by actions and address, to destroy the impressions she seemed to have received: but they were useless; the girl approached her with much terror, and appeared always glad to escape being near her.

On the evening of her being removed to the eastern apartments of Olvernardo she was suddenly informed by the man who had so closely watched her, that she must put on a dress which he had sent by the young girl,

and follow him. The great anxiety of her mind had already produced, in a slight degree, a relapse of her former indisposition. She declared herself unable to walk. Her jailor, in tones of more humanity than he had been accustomed to use, requested her to comply; at the same time giving her to understand, resistance would be useless. He then withdrew to an outer room; and the girl, watching his absence, presented her with a small cup of wine, which she declared she had gained by stealth, under an idea that she needed some kind of nourishment more than she was allowed.

Cassandra at the moment did not reflect upon the inconsistency of conduct which the former manifested in this gift, or in all probability she would not have accepted it. She had taken as little food as possible during her confinement in the cottage, fearful of the consequences it might produce. She swallowed the wine under an idea that she was secure from such effects. She changed her dress with some difficulty, while her bewildered imagination traced over the events which had happened to her, since

she was forced from Murcia, with trembling astonishment.

Her guard returned in a short time, and demanded if she was ready. Cassandra once more attempted to expostulate: he however would not hear her, but, seizing her arm, partly dragged her from the cottage.

The solitary situation of the place seemed to preclude all hope of meeting with any one of whom she could demand assistance. It was already drawing towards a late hour, and the night was extremely dark. Cassandra knew she was in the suburbs of Madrid, but she was unable to recognise the part.

She found the air appeared to have a visible effect upon her. An uncommon stupor seemed to overpower her senses; she recollected the wine she had drunk with horror, and began to suspect the perfidy of the girl. It was in vain she struggled to conquer the drowsiness which oppressed her. By the time they arrived at the eastern part of Olvernardo she became even insensible to the place she entered, and was re-

ceived at an inner gate by Theodosius, who placed her in the manner already described.

The marquis d'Olvernardo before his dissolution confessed certain actions to his son, the nobleman before mentioned, and his confessor, which at once elucidated those mysterious parts of his conduct that had so much alarmed and distressed his family.

Their knowledge of these actions occasioned them pangs as unexpected as they were poignant. They discovered the marquis had been the author of deeds which would at once darken his memory, and stigmatise his name. The train of circumstances which produced these events will be best related in a regular sketch of the principal incidents of his life.

## CHAP. XXVII.

What is this secret sin, this untold tale,
That art cannot extract, nor penance cleanse?
MYSTERIOUS MOTHER.

### MEMOIRS OF THE MARQUIS D'OLVERNARDO.

THE marquis d'Olvernardo was of noble extraction; he was the only child of a man whose high rank in Madrid was supported with all the pomp of a Spanish noble.

The marchioness died before her son had attained his fifth year. Her husband was a considerable time inconsolable for her loss: at length the care of Reginald's education demanded his attention. It tended in a great degree to relieve his mind from that depression which a continual reflexion on a beloved and lost object is sure to produce. The young man was placed at one of the prin-

cipal colleges: after great progress in the general routine of classical instruction, his father determined he should travel, and equipped him for his tour with a munificence becoming his rank.

France was Reginald's first place of destination. He remained there upwards of fourteen months, except a short visit which he paid to England during that period. He then proceeded to Italy, a country he had long languished to behold, and which answered every expectation he had formed. The splendid style of his living, added to the dignity of his name, at once rendered him an object of admiration in the dissipated city of Naples. Reginald d'Olvernardo was a blazing star in the high circles of rank and fashion: the elegance of his person, his great accomplishments, and refinement, became the topic of public conversation. Among the many brilliant Italian families where he was received with every mark of courtesy and hospitality was that of signior Raspharini, a man whose advanced age and infirm health neither prevented him making himself

agreeable to the various parties he frequented, nor served to embitter the pleasure he appeared to receive from them.

Signior Raspharini had no children. His fortune was large, and, though destitute of title, his dignity was still maintained by a sumptuous mode of living and a more than common degree of *hauteur*. His wife was much younger than himself, and had been elevated by her marriage from a state of reclused obscurity. Although this was a considerable barrier to signior Raspharini's maintenance of a splendid connexion, still his costly entertainments served, in great measure, to overpower its effects; while another object of attraction which he possessed tended also to the same purpose. He had under his care an orphan ward, whose uncommon beauty and acquirements formed a forcible magnet to those parties he so proudly beheld promenading his saloon, and on whom he lavished every luxury his wealth could produce.

Lucretia was an object of general admiration. Although her fortune was known to be trifling, and she had not yet attained

her eighteenth year, she had received offers of marriage highly advantageous. She was said to be the daughter of a Venetian of high birth, whose death left her to the care of signior Raspharini. At the time of D'Olvernardo's first introduction to his house she had resided in Naples with her present protector about two years. Her manners were lively and fascinating, her person elegant and majestic; while she possessed all the refined accomplishments of high life. The young Spaniard, at his first interview, was forcibly struck with her beauty; but in a further acquaintance he became enraptured with the peculiar qualities of mind which adorned it. His marked attention to her was publicly noticed; he was a constant attendant at signior Raspharini's, while his rank made him a most welcome guest.

Under these circumstances several months elapsed. Lucretia was not insensible to the apparent conquest she had made: she beheld D'Olvernardo in a very different view to those suitors to whom she had refused her hand. The compliments *he* paid

her she received with unusual satisfaction, and experienced greater pleasure from *his* conversation than that of any other visitor; while his absence always occasioned her serious reflexions on the sensations she felt in his presence. In these examinations of her heart she soon discovered she loved D'Olvernardo, who after some time declared his passion, and had the ecstasy to receive from the lips of the fair Lucretia a confirmation of those flattering hopes he had long dared to encourage. There were circumstances, however, which required the sentiments of each should for a time be confined within their own bosoms.

Reginald knew his father not only aimed at his forming a splendid alliance with respect to birth, but that fortune was likewise a considerable object in his speculation. He was well acquainted with his obstinacy on those points he had in his own mind determined for completion; he was confident a sudden disclosure of opposition to his will, in a union with Lucretia, might be productive of the worst consequences; but that if such an event was made known

to him by degrees, there might be some hopes of gaining his assent to their wishes.

On the part of Lucretia likewise there were reasons for concealment. A rich and powerful Neapolitan had within a few weeks demanded her hand of signior Raspharini, who, as was his custom, referred him to herself—not however without hinting he conceived such a settlement held forth too many advantages to be trifled with. Lucretia refused. The pride of the Neapolitan was hurt; and signior Raspharini seemed to take greater part in the indignity offered to this last suitor than to any of the former ones. The mystery was soon explained: signior Raspharini had received a promise from him of an elevated situation at the court of Naples, if he succeeded with his ward.

Lucretia was aware that to confess an attachment for Reginald would not only endanger his life through the revengeful and disappointed Neapolitan, but might frustrate every hope she entertained of gaining signior Raspharini's consent to their union.

Under these events, therefore, Reginald and Lucretia mutually imbibed the strongest affections for each other, without creating suspicions in those who surrounded them.

Several months elapsed. Reginald, whose impatience to make Lucretia his own urged him to several acts of imprudence which his cooler judgment might have shrunk from, at length prevailed upon her to be secretly married to him by a priest whom he had procured for that purpose.

A public acknowledgment of this affair they perhaps equally dreaded with a former declaration of their passion. They still continued their secresy; but their familiarity did not pass unnoticed, and could not be entirely accounted for, even by the very great intimacy in which Reginald lived with signior Raspharini.

About this period another visitor made his appearance in Naples, whose presence shortly produced the most serious consequences. He was a young man, reported to be a Venetian of high birth, and a former acquaintance of Lucretia's, through whose means he was understood to be a guest at

the house of signior Raspharini. He had been at Naples before, and his behaviour during that time had been universally reprobated.

Signior Basvalo, which was the name of the Venetian, possessed an uncommon elegance of person and manners; but they were not of a kind either to dazzle or delight the multitude: there was a *hauteur* and commanding air in his carriage which was by no means calculated to render him popular, although his abilities were of a splendid and superior kind. He was reported to be dissipated, tyrannical, and cruel; totally void of principle, and actuated on all occasions by self-interest and gratification.

Reginald in a very short time observed that the public report of his character was not altogether without foundation; while his astonishment increased that such a man should be admitted to the entertainments of Raspharini, and have an apparent intimacy with his ward. He questioned his wife on this subject. Her answers were equivocal. She immediately waved the

discourse, and would give him no satisfaction on the points he required. Reginald, naturally of a jealous and impetuous disposition, instantly became tortured by a thousand wild and chimerical ideas which darted on his mind. Since Basvalo's arrival, he had more than once seen him in private conversation with his wife: the recollection now drove him to madness. His manners from this period became less tender to her; it was in vain she used every method to obviate the anxiety which her behaviour towards Basvalo had occasioned, while she avoided every explanation on the point which so greatly agitated him. A confidential servant of Reginald's informed him that Lucretia and Basvalo had private interviews. He offered to prove this assertion to his master from an upper window of signior Raspharini's house. The man was as good as his word—Reginald beheld them in the garden below: his servant could scarcely prevent him from taking immediate vengeance, while he left the house in a state little short of madness. He immediately wrote a billet, couched in the most

inveterate terms, to Lucretia; and leaving it with her servant to be delivered as soon as she should be stirring in the morning, with another for Raspharini, returning him thanks for his hospitality, he immediately quitted Naples; and having lately received a letter from his father, which seemed to express a wish for his return to Madrid, he now determined to comply with it, and make it the place of his destination.

This sudden resolve of Reginald's could not be excused by the violent fit of jealousy in which it was taken. He well knew the situation of his wife; that she had been some months pregnant; that their marriage was a secret; and consequently there was reason to suppose she would suffer under considerable ignominy and distress. It is true, in his letter he gave her power to draw upon his banker at Naples for a sum fully competent to defray all the expenses of her *accouchement;* but such means did not screen her from the contempt and insults of the world: it was no proof that he considered her as his wife,

or that he ever intended to allow her the adoption of his name.

Reginald had perceived that signior Raspharini seemed by no means to encourage the visits of Basvalo; on the contrary, he had an opportunity of observing he seemed actually displeased on his first announcement, and expressed a surprise that he should have the assurance to rank his name among the visitors of his house. These remarks increased his suspicions: he instantly suspected that Raspharini was aware of some improprieties between his ward and Basvalo at a former period, which occasioned his dislike to the latter.

Olvernardo, on his arrival at Madrid, was received with every mark of affection by his father, who strongly urged the necessity of his settling in his native country, and cultivating those honours and preferments at the Spanish court which already blossomed on his fortune.

Reginald heard this advice in silence; he gave passive answers of obedience to it; but his agitation of mind and depression of spirits were too visible to pass unnoticed.

His father questioned him with much anxiety on the causes of them; but he evaded all inquiries, and alleged it to slight indisposition. His rank and fortune demanded an alliance with one of the first families in Spain: much persuasion was used to urge him to form a settlement of this kind; but Reginald declared his resolution to remain single, although a grandee of the first rank actually offered his daughter, a young lady of great beauty and many accomplishments.

Two years now elapsed, during which he heard but once of the deserted Lucretia. This information was received by means of a friend who remained some time after him in Italy. From him he understood she had, a short time after he quitted Naples, fled from the house of signior Raspharini, under suspicions of a situation which reflected on her considerable disgrace. The latter, highly offended at the shame which he conceived her conduct had cast upon his house, determined to withdraw his protection, and consequently took no further account of her welfare. Lucretia, with the money which

Reginald had left for her at his banker's, took up her abode several miles from the city, in a small and solitary cottage, where she was delivered of a son. Her attention to her sickly infant, who languished for seseveral months, was indefatigable: she fulfilled the duties of a mother with the utmost tenderness; and although its death relieved her from much anxiety and fatigue, she was for a time inconsolable for its loss. After this event she quitted the cottage; but the friend of Reginald was unable to trace her removal, but by a public appearance of curiosity, which the latter had desired he should by all means avoid.

This tale had a most sensible effect upon d'Olvernardo: he began to suspect he had been too precipitate, and that there had been no foundation for his jealousy; the idea drove him almost to distraction. He wrote to a correspondent near Naples, to gain, if possible, information of her. The answer proved entirely unsatisfactory, otherwise than by mentioning a strong report had of late been circulated, that she had died a few weeks before in her own country.

Reginald suffered the most poignant distress from this intelligence; he viewed himself as her murderer; he considered himself as the cause of all her sufferings. Still the secret of his marriage was carefully concealed, while his friends used every effort to recover him from the melancholy which seemed so greatly to oppress him.

The considerable losses of his father (which have been already noticed in a former part of this history) obliged him to retire upon the wreck of a shattered fortune. Reginald, after a short time, joined him in his secluded dwelling, and, by every filial attention, attempted to sooth him under his misfortunes.

Another loss, however, through the failure of the banker in whose hands the remnant of the marquis's property was vested, reduced them to a state of actual poverty; and there appeared no means of obviating the horrid anticipation of immediate beggary, but by Reginald's consent to marry a lady who had already given evident proofs he was not disagreeable to her. The sight

of a beloved parent reduced to the most degrading dependence of casual charity at once formed a stimulus of too powerful a nature to be overcome.

Reginald would have made any sacrifice to have saved his father from such horrors; and this, which he at last agreed to, was perhaps one of the greatest he was capable of. Great as it might be, however, it did not procure them immediate relief: the very large fortune to which his second wife was heiress was withheld by an uncle, in whose power it rested (by the will of her late father) to permit her to partake of it before his death, at which period, and not before, she became entire mistress of it. Her uncle would not give his consent to the alliance; and, as she married without it, he declared he would retain the whole of her property during his life. By these means the marriage which had held forth the most splendid prospects in point of wealth for some time produced no alteration in their pecuniary concerns, while their embarrassments seemed daily to increase.

It is probable Reginald would never have been persuaded to a second marriage had he not been perfectly convinced of the death of Lucretia, which seemed confirmed by various circumstances (subsequent to the first information of it). A short time only elapsed after this event, when, as he was one evening walking round the forsaken and deserted castle of his forefathers (in a visit to Madrid on affairs of business), he was suddenly accosted by one whose person he could scarcely observe through the gloom of approaching night, but whose voice instantly discovered him to be an old and confidential servant of the forsaken and injured Lucretia.

The sudden sight of this man occasioned him the most violent emotions: he inquired with agitation concerning the death of his mistress, and waited his answer with trembling expectation. Vavoldi declared she was still in existence, and reproached him with a warmth, which, under other circumstances, might not perhaps have been altogether warrantable, according to the different situations in which they stood.

D'Olvernardo instantly demanded where she was. Vavoldi replied, in Madrid.

Reginald's surprise increased, while the former continued his information with tears.

He related that Lucretia's affection had overcome every difficulty which seemed to impede her following him to Spain; that, quitting the cottage already mentioned, after the death of her child, she had proceeded to her own country, but was discarded by her friends through the idea of her dishonour. After remaining some time under the accumulated horrors of contempt and poverty, she resolved, if possible, to find her husband, who, although he had so cruelly abandoned her, still possessed her heart.

Having formed this resolution, and received the charitable donations of a few persons, who, although they subscribed their mite to preserve her from starving, would by no means so far shock their delicacy as either to give her comfort or advice, she commenced her journey with himself and a

young female attendant, who had been in her service from a child. Indisposition detained her a considerable time on the way, and greatly reduced her finances; insomuch that when they arrived at Madrid, a few hours before this meeting, she had not a single pistole remaining for the common necessaries of life.

Vavoldi had left his mistress in an obscure lodging, and was actually proceeding to gain some information of Olvernardo, when he thus met him in a solitary ramble near his own castle.

The various sensations which agitated the bosom of Reginald rendered him for a moment unable to act under the circumstances that surrounded him.

The relation of Lucretia's sufferings, whom he now began to suspect was innocent of those errors which his heated imagination had alleged to her, revived that ardent affection he had always experienced, and which, although suspended for a short time by a momentary fit of jealousy, was yet by no means annihilated.

By Vavoldi's discourse, it was plain neither he nor his mistress had yet heard of his late marriage: every motive of policy and interest required that the knowledge of it should be concealed from them; yet Lucretia's appearance in Madrid made it a task seemingly almost impossible to accomplish.

He was aware of the shock which her feelings would receive by the information, yet there appeared no probable means of obviating it. Some plan was necessary to be fixed upon, and no time was to be lost in arranging it; every moment she remained in the lodging there was a danger of her discovering his true situation, or of her making known her marriage with him.

He remained lost in a train of reflexions for some time, doubtful of what methods he could take to prevent the publishing of these events, which would most materially tend to deface his character, when an idea suddenly struck him that she might for a while be concealed in the castle of Olver-

nardo. There were several habitable apartments within its walls, and sufficient furniture to render them comfortable. He imparted his thoughts to Vavoldi, who heard them with astonishment.

Reginald gave plausible reasons for his wishing his mistress's residence to be as secluded as possible: he cautioned the old man to preserve strict secresy himself on the subject; and desired him, under some feigned excuse, to get a lantern from a neighbouring inn, which being procured, he led the way to the castle, and entering it by a private gate, they soon arrived at a suit of apartments which seemed to promise a comfortable abode for Lucretia. He gave Vavoldi directions for purchasing early the next morning those articles which they might want. Vavoldi was totally unacquainted with the Spanish language, which occasioned him considerable difficulty in the task.

Reginald then repaired to a neighbouring hotel, and wrote a short note to Lucretia, in which he informed her there were the most urgent reasons for her taking up

her residence, for the present, in the deserted castle of Olvernardo. He promised to explain them in their first interview, which he intended should take place the following night. He delivered it to Vavoldi, who waited at the corner of the street; and, after giving him some further orders respecting his mistress's removal the next evening, with considerable cautions of secresy, he returned to the house where he generally resided during the short periods he remained in Madrid.

He reflected on the events of the last two hours with amazement. The idea of once more seeing Lucretia, after a full belief of her death, occasioned him at intervals the most rapturous sensations; while a recollection of the circumstances under which he must behold her at once harassed and distressed him.

He could not doubt her regard for him after the tale he had heard of the miseries she had endured; but the figure of Basvalo still haunted him; her silence with respect to the cause of their intimacy gave rise to

every suspicion in the bosom of Olvernardo: it was a mystery, the explanation of which was actually necessary for the preservation of her character. Reginald had left his cottage for four days, on some business relative to the banker by whose failure his father had so greatly suffered. One of them had only elapsed; consequently, his absence at this time was a matter of no wonder to his family.

He waited with the utmost impatience for the following night. He repaired to the castle soon after it was dark; and hurrying to the apartments to which he had desired Lucretia might be conducted, he entered them under the most violent sensations, and received his forsaken wife in his arms. The effects of this meeting on each can be better conceived than described. Olvernardo felt that full glow of tenderness which he had formerly experienced, and Lucretia forgot in his embraces the cruelty of his conduct and unjustness of his suspicions.

Reginald, for the present, evaded all inquiry concerning his situation; and when

they parted at a late hour, he promised to see her again the next evening.

In the interim, he framed various tales to account for his wishing to keep her in so strange and reclused a habitation.

He was aware that these plans could be of no other service than to give him time to reflect upon others, which would more immediately tend to relieve him from his difficulties. On this point, however, they perfectly answered his purpose, and he determined to adopt them with all possible privacy. In their next interview, he so far succeeded, as apparently to lull any suspicions she might have imbibed of his union with another; and making further arrangements for her present mode of living, which he promised should not last above a month, he again departed, after appointing a future day for their next meeting—observing that his affairs urged him to remain chiefly with his father, who resided some miles from Madrid.

D'Olvernardo, having thus overcome the immediate danger of a discovery of those facts, which not only threatened to stigma-

tise his character, but to involve him in various other dilemmas, returned to the retirement of his second wife and father, under emotions little short of distraction. The whole of his conduct, however, since his return from Italy, had been so mysterious and unaccountable, that his manners on this occasion were not so much noticed as they might otherwise have been. Every tenderness from the present marchioness was exerted to give him comfort and relieve his mind; but these efforts were useless—he was unhappy, unsettled, and depressed.

Nine months elapsed, and Lucretia still remained with her female companion and Vavoldi in the castle of Olvernardo. Reginald visited her weekly. Unable to come to any resolution on her further settlement, he still deceived her as to the circumstances in which he stood respecting his second marriage; and, by continual promises of a speedy change of her habitation, prevailed upon her to continue in the melancholy seclusion in which he had placed her.

His conduct in this affair was certainly full of error, and deserving of much repre-

hension. The consequence of the intercourse in which he lived with Lucretia was her delivery of a daughter, a short time before the *accouchement* of his second wife. A midwife, who resided in much obscurity, was procured by Olvernardo, and bound to secresy by a considerable bribe. It is probable this woman did not reveal the event; and her death, a few weeks after, released him from a continual alarm of her disclosing it.

He still continued wavering and irresolute. He knew not how to extricate himself from the embarrassing circumstances which surrounded him, without his errors being made public. To separate himself from Lucretia was a sacrifice he was not competent to perform. Justice forbid him to forsake either; yet his ties with both were neither allowed by custom, nor tolerated by the laws.

The strange reports which at this period were in circulation concerning the castle arose, most probably, from its inhabitants, who, forgetful of the injunctions they had received from Reginald, must have passed

with lights some of the upper casements. The indisposition of his father prevented Olvernardo from keeping his regular weekly appointments, as he had before constantly done, under an excuse that certain affairs relative to their late estates, &c. demanded his presence at Madrid.

After an interval of three weeks, as he was proceeding one evening towards the gate of the castle which he usually entered, his attention was suddenly arrested by observing two male figures come forward from the porch. Reginald was alarmed. He withdrew to another path, and, with breathless agitation, watched their motions They proceeded forward. Through the dusk of the evening, he could plainly perceive the one was Vavoldi, while the size and walk of the other presented to his heated imagination the person of signior Basvalo. He followed them at a distance. Vavoldi seemed conducting his companion to the boundary of the building, where they parted, and the former returned.

Reginald entered the castle before him. He determined for a time to conceal his

feelings. Lucretia seemed to tremble when she saw him: he asked for Vavoldi, and her agitation increased. She believed he was gone to draw water from the spring in the west angle. "Strange!" replied Olvernardo: "the vessel which contains it stands yonder already filled." Lucretia complained of indisposition, and declared she had been ill the whole day. Reginald was less tender in his manner, although he strived to be more so. Vavoldi returned: *his* confusion was nearly equal to that of his mistress's. Olvernardo departed at an earlier hour than usual, and proceeded to the inn where he generally slept, under a relapse of those torments of jealousy he had formerly experienced.

Sleep was banished from his pillow. He had no doubt but that the person whom he saw leave the castle with Vavoldi was Basvalo. It was evident this visit was intended to be concealed from him, while the distress of Lucretia and her servant seemed to convince him it was a guilty one.

Reflexion served to confirm every suspicion of the former's dishonour. No other

circumstances, he conceived, could occasion her to be followed by this man to another country, and give rise to the secresy she maintained, at the hazard of her reputation.

He wavered in his resolution with respect to the steps he should take upon the event. One moment his rage prompted him to exert the most violent measures; the next, reason and justice urged him to be more moderate. At length, he determined to wait the result of another evening, and, if possible, detect his wife under circumstances that would leave no doubt of her inconstancy. With these resolves he confined himself in his own apartments at the inn the whole of the next day, and, towards the close of the evening, again visited the castle. Nothing however appeared to elucidate the mysterious visit he beheld the night before, while he fancied Lucretia's manners were less affectionate and more studied.

He left Madrid the following morning; and, on his return to the cottage, found his father at the point of death.

The reports concerning the supernatural appearances in the castle had increased within the last few weeks, produced in all probability from its inhabitants again passing near the lower chambers of the east wing.

The death of the marquis occasioned his son the most heart-felt sorrow, which, added to other causes of distress, rendered him almost unable to attend his remains to the grave.

Reginald took the strange resolution, after the funeral ceremonies, of visitinn Lucretia. He conceived he could not have a better opportunity of surprising her at a time when she less expected to see him; for as he had contrived to inform her that the burial would take place on this evening, she would consequently have no suspicions of his arrival at Madrid. He made an excuse for quitting his cottage, and proceeded immediately to the city. It was near midnight before he arrived there, but he determined to repair directly to the castle. To his astonishment he found the doors which led to Lucretia's apartments not fastened

for the night. He proceeded softly across a passage which took him to the first of them: by finding this room deserted, he supposed Vavoldi was gone to bed. He walked forward till he came to the chamber where Lucretia slept; he heard her voice in conversation with some one: his whole frame shook with emotion; he halted at the door, and listened with an attention which scarcely permitted him to breathe. The conversation was in too low a tone for him to make out the subject of it, but he shortly discovered the voice of Basvalo.

D'Olvernardo, from this moment, lost all command over his actions; he gave himself up to passions which drove him to madness; his trembling hand drew forth a poniard, which he usually carried in his nightly visits to the castle.

Perhaps at the moment he unsheathed this instrument of death he was not determined upon the horrible deed which followed. Perhaps it was an involuntary action in the moment of his rage, without any direct meaning being assigned to it.

The door of Lucretia's chamber was not

closed. Olvernardo, by slightly moving his situation, had a sight of the internal part of the room; he was not deceived as to the voice of Basvalo. He now beheld him seated by Lucretia, and seemingly hanging over her in an amorous attitude. His conversation appeared by his action full of energy: at moments he seemed as if remonstrating with her on some points which were the objects of their discourse; she listened to him with attention, and at intervals answered him by apparent assents.

Reginald witnessed this scene for several minutes; his dagger was elevated in his hand; his injuries seemed to call aloud for vengeance, yet he still hesitated in the execution of it.

The revenge which he meditated was aimed against Basvalo; but in a momentary impulse he changed the blow. At the instant he burst into the apartment, Lucretia was in the very act of throwing herself on the bosom of the Venetian. Reginald saw no more: he plunged the fatal instrument of death into the bosom of his wife.

She fell, covered with blood, at his feet,

while her trembling lips uttered in the last agonies of dissolution—"My husband! my brother! may heaven forgive you!"

Olvernardo remained some moments gazing on the murdered Lucretia, with a horror which benumbed every sense and blunted every feeling. Her exclamation of "Brother!" chilled his very soul; reason for a moment darted on his brain. She was, perhaps, innocent; the appellation of "brother" seemed to elucidate the dreadful mystery. He clasped his hands in agony, and fell senseless on the earth.

Theodosius Basvalo remained silent, though not without visible emotions. The noise which the horrible catastrophe occasioned brought Vavoldi to the apartment, who beheld the corpse of his beloved mistress with the most poignant sensations of grief and horror. For a moment he was unable to conjecture who was the author of the bloody deed; but Theodosius (whose presence of mind seemed in no respect to fail him) ordered him to look to the marquis, and explained the cause of his situation.

Olvernardo was accordingly placed upon a bed, and methods used for his recovery.

The alarm and terror of the young girl (who had by this time arrived at the apartment) was excessive. In the course of an hour, by the assistance of Theodosius, the body of Lucretia was placed in a back chamber. Vavoldi and the female were then ordered to retire, and the marquis and Theodosius were left alone. The former still remained under a stupor, which affected his senses; his eyes were at intervals turned towards the spot that was stained with the blood of Lucretia; his very soul appeared to sicken at the sight; a convulsive trembling shook every limb, while the agony of his mind seemed too acute to be supported.

Theodosius, after waiting some time in a reverie of thought, summoned Vavoldi, and suddenly demanded the infant daughter of Lucretia.

Vavoldi was astonished at the request; but he was too well acquainted with his character to dare to refuse. He accordingly procured the child, and, wrapping it up in a cloak of its departed mo-

ther, dropped a farewell tear upon its bosom, and presented it to Theodosius; who, giving him strict orders to keep a close watch upon the marquis, and on no account whatever to permit him to leave the castle, declared he should return before day-light, and immediately departed.

He was punctual to his promise: in about two hours he again entered the castle.

Reginald's situation was truly horrible. Vavoldi was silent to every question he asked; the past events appeared like the recollection of a dreadful dream, but he felt their reality with the most acute sensations.

Under a state of mind little short of madness he languished for two days; while Vavoldi, according to Theodosius's orders, attended to all his wants.

During this time the body of Lucretia was buried, in the most remote external angle of the castle, by her brother and servant.

On the third day Olvernardo seemed in some measure recovered from the stupor in which he had so long been entranced;

and in the evening Theodosius entered his chamber.

Reginald uttered an involuntary exclamation of horror at the sight of him, and listened to the following words with the most heartfelt anguish:—

"Reginald d'Olvernardo!" he exclaimed, "you behold before you the brother of her whom you have cruelly sacrificed in a moment of false-created jealousy. It is my part to call for justice upon him who has imbrued his hands in the blood of *my* sister. The laws of your country acknowledge this power; the laws of your God demand the execution of it. Still it may better suit the purposes of my revenge to evade such rights for the present, and to conceal this deed of darkness from the world. But, mark me, marquis, consider not this resolution as the result of lenity, or the resolve of a compassionate man. I would not wish to deceive you under the idea that they originate from such motives. They are dictated by those of interest, which I view in a lengthened perspective, and which I cherish under hopes of seeing

realised at some future period. There are certain points may occur hereafter, in which your aid may be necessary. This aid I shall demand, not as the puny suitor of a favour, but as one who knows his influence too much to doubt a refusal. At such periods, marquis, it will be your province to remember the tale I can unfold, and *that* deed of blood and darkness I am able to discover to the people of Madrid. However I may appear hereafter in this city, in whatever character, or under whatever circumstances, dare not to hint at any previous knowledge of my person or affairs. To the general reports of wonder which my appearance may occasion, answer as one equally astonished with the multitude, and join with their opinions, however wild and chimerical. Under an acquiescence of this kind, you may still preserve yourself from public infamy, and prolong a life, which the pangs of a guilty conscience must render a continual burthen."

Theodosius paused, and Reginald ventured to ask after his child.

The brows of the former instantly became contracted.

" That child," he exclaimed, " must never again behold the murderer of her mother. Court not to behold her: the playful smiles of infant innocence would blast you. You would not dare to press her to your guilty bosom, or contaminate her by the embrace of parental affection."

Olvernardo listened to these reproaches with horror, and was unable to reply to them.

" You are at liberty," continued Theodosius, " to quit the castle when you think proper; and if the pusillanimity of your own mind does not discover the deed you have committed, the world may for ever remain ignorant of it."

Basvalo, after concluding these words, quitted the apartment, while Reginald remained entranced with astonishment at the proposals he had made. That he should fail to procure retribution for the murder of his sister, under the motives he had in part described, discovered little proof of his

affection for her. Agonised as the feelings of Olvernardo might be by the pangs of remorse, yet he felt a something like relief in the idea of escaping a public and ignominious death. In the first paroxysm of his grief, he would gladly have resigned that existence which he seemed unable to support under the shame and infamy that surrounded him; but future reflexions produced very different wishes and resolves. He still languished for life, and wished to defer the horrible moment which should present him to the world tainted with crimes that would be sure to call upon him general detestation. Through the offers of Theodosius, he yet had an opportunity to evade the arm of justice, by returns apparently trivial to the magnitude of the reward they held forth. He could not refuse to grasp at an opportunity which presented such powerful temptations. He flattered himself, that time and repentance might heal the wounds of an afflicted conscience; but the marquis never discovered the efficacy of such antidotes.

He was aware of the astonishment his

sudden absence from his family would occasion; he well knew, the longer he delayed his return the greater would be the wonder with respect to the place where he could have secreted himself; yet he was at present in too weak a state to leave the castle. He consulted with Vavoldi as to this point. Vavoldi was more communicative since his last interview with Theodosius, but he still beheld d'Olvernardo with evident abhorrence.

From this man he learned that Theodosius was actually the brother of the deceased Lucretia, but that his conduct had occasioned him to be renounced by his friends, and that signior Raspharini refused his protection to his sister, unless she consented to conceal even her affinity to him, so much had his late conduct offended the chief of the Neapolitans of rank during a short and former residence in their country. Her brother's behaviour rendered a discardment of this kind justifiable, and Lucretia consented to the terms. Her strict adherence to the solemn promise made to Raspharini on this subject was the principal cause of her se-

cresy towards her husband—added, perhaps, to her fear that the popular prejudice against Theodosius might have some effect upon him whose good opinion and affection she so strenuously wished to preserve. Her conduct was most certainly blameable in this concealment, although she might have been urged to it by various combined causes, each trivial in themselves, but of considerable force when joined to each other; while the dire catastrophe which they produced formed a forcible example of their ill effects.

Lucretia was astonished and distressed when Vavoldi introduced, one evening, shortly after her accouchement, Theodosius her brother. The latter had met him in one of the retired streets of Madrid, and demanded immediately to be conducted to his sister, in a manner which the old domestic had no power to refuse. He threatened, if his request was not immediately complied with, to secure him by the authority of the laws, and force him to give the intelligence he wanted. Vavoldi was aware of his capability to execute such an act, and therefore

conceived it better to comply. Theodosius accordingly followed him to the castle. Vavoldi could give no account of the result of the interviews which he had with his mistress; he supposed his visits to arise through some interested motives, which he was unable to develop.

The marquis inquired of Vavoldi in what manner he meant to dispose of himself after he quitted the castle. The latter declared it was a matter of little consequence; that he could expect to live but a few years; and those few would, in all probability, be a burthen to him.

D'Olvernardo well knew that the knowledge which Vavoldi possessed of Lucretia's death placed him most materially in his power; that he might even unintentionally discover the fatal secret, under various circumstances it was impossible to guard against. Yet there was no way of obviating so dangerous an uncertainty: all he could do, was to facilitate his return to his own country by every means he was able, and call forth his gratitude by rendering his pecuniary circumstances independent.

These preliminaries he settled with Vavoldi, and presented him with the purse which he had about him, and which contained thirty pistoles, as likewise a note he drew on a banker at Venice for an annual stipend sufficient for a comfortable maintenance.

The knowledge of the manner of Lucretia's death had been carefully concealed from the young female attendant, who was taught to suppose her mistress expired by the bursting of a blood-vessel; yet her suspicions were liable to be excited and hereafter made known. Vavoldi undertook to convey her to her own country; but the relation of what she had witnessed, even at that distance, might, by concurring circumstances, in the end prove most fatal. Any extraordinary means, however, to occasion her silence on this topic, Olvernardo was perfectly convinced would be the most likely stimulation to her disclosing it; he was therefore necessitated to trust to the doubtful probability of her silence, after a strict injunction to Vavoldi to take every method to preserve it. Two more days elapsed: Theodosius nightly visited the cas-

tle, but did not enter the apartment of the marquis, who was informed by Vavoldi that they had orders to remain until he was in a state to quit it.

Reginald was enough recovered to return to his family; but he dreaded the numberless inquiries his presence would occasion: the mystery of his absence he well knew was an affair which would occasion a source of anxiety to his wife and friends the most poignant and distressing. He was certain it would at once be made public by their search for him. A demand, therefore, of what had happened to him during the interval would not only be the cry of his relatives but of the whole city, and an answer of some satisfaction generally expected. With these reflexions, the marquis was unable to come to a resolution of returning to his cottage: he still deferred it, as a trial to which he did not think himself competent without discovering his guilt by the faltering improbability of his tale.

Under such circumstances he had already remained in the castle a week, when Vavoldi returned one evening from the suburbs

of the city (where he had been purposely dispatched by the marquis, to learn, if possible, those reports which might be circulated concerning his absence) with information that the castle was to be searched the following day by order of the king, under an idea that in a fit of melancholy he had entered its gloomy chambers and suddenly expired. Olvernardo at first listened to this news with considerable alarm; but a few moments' recollection confirmed to him that policy demanded he should suffer himself to be discovered during this search. One mystery would only then remain unravelled, namely, how he had subsisted during the period he had been concealed in the castle. As, however, the tales of wonder concerning Olvernardo had already spread with astonishing rapidity through the whole city, he conceived the multitude would readily place such a miracle to the many more which held forth no signs of elucidation.

He informed Vavoldi of his resolution, who mentioned it to Theodosius on his arrival at the usual hour in the evening. Basvalo ordered that he and Agatha should

likewise depart the following night, and repair directly to their own country by any casual conveyance which held forth the least chance of rendering them objects of curiosity on their way. He likewise further desired that they should carefully conceal themselves during the time the castle was searched, and instantly clear away every article of domestic furniture which remained in the part they had inhabited. These orders were strictly adhered to: the marquis early the following morning removed to another apartment at some distance, and was there discovered, as has been already related in a former part of this tale. He was conveyed to his cottage, but would answer no interrogatives concerning the marvellous parts of his situation: he considered that any kind of explanation might lead to other inquiries of more consequence; he knew that the minds of the people in general of Madrid were so tinctured with the infatuation of romance, that they would discover various causes on such a point in the fertile resources of their own conceptions.

An interview with his sovereign was produced by these events. It was under his sanction, and by his express desire, that the castle of Olvernardo had been searched: he was conscious Reginald had been treated with some neglect; and the supposition of his death (occasioned perhaps by the discomforts of his broken fortune) created in him considerable uneasiness.

On Reginald's re-appearance, the friendship he had formerly felt for him revived: he asked some questions relative to his reasons for entering the castle, what he had witnessed there, and in what manner he procured sustenance to support him upwards of a week in a place which had been so long deserted.

To the first of these he answered, that he was led to the castle by a train of melancholy reflexions almost bordering upon insanity, occasioned by the death of his father and the situation of his affairs: on the other two he in some measure equivocated; while the king generously forbore to press him on the subject.

The effect of this interview was his im-

mediate recall to the court, and a nomination to a very lucrative office.

The king insisted upon his residing in the castle of his forefathers, under an establishment equal to that which they had formerly maintained.

Olvernardo felt a thrilling sensation of horror run through every vein at the idea of this arrangement. He wished to have avoided it, but found it impossible. He however contrived to form some reasons for entirely discarding the eastern chambers, while the remaining parts of the building were repaired in the most costly and superb manner.

The death of the marchioness's uncle about this time considerably augmented their income, as the very large fortune of the former immediately devolved to their possession.

The marquis now saw himself surrounded with that splendor which he had formerly enjoyed: his sovereign was lavish in his favours, as a recompense for past sufferings: his character remained fair and unimpeached; while the rank and affluence

he enjoyed were universally considered as just tributes to his virtues. According to all external appearance, he possessed every requisite to render life valuable and to endear him to society; but in the inmost recesses of his own soul he felt those pangs of guilty remorse which at once tainted every blessing, and clouded his future prospects with the most gloomy presages. For some weeks after his return to the cottage he was harassed with the most tormenting suspicions of Vavoldi's fidelity as to the secret with which he was entrusted, as well as of the childish prattle of the girl who accompanied him. He repented that he had suffered them to leave the castle; he considered it would occasion him a continual source of horrible anxiety, in the daily expectation of their discovering Lucretia's murder. Their images were continually before him; they haunted him in the midst of society, as well as in his nightly dreams: every noise which he heard he for the moment conjectured to be the officers of justice, with Vavoldi at their head; while he

shrunk from the gaze of each beholder, under the dreadful idea that they suspected his guilt. By an event, however, to him equally fortunate and unexpected, a very short time brought news of the death both of Vavoldi and Agatha, by an accident to the carriage in which they were travelling. This intelligence served to relieve the marquis from a considerable weight which oppressed him; but he still had his fears and anticipations: he could not annihilate the form of the murdered Lucretia, which floated on his mind; his present domestic circle reminded him both of her and her infant; her injuries glared upon him hourly; and the recollection of them almost drove him to distraction.

A short time after his establishment in his castle the sudden and strange appearance of Theodosius in Madrid, as a member of the holy community of St. Mark, at once engrossed the attention and conversation of the city; while Olvernardo, in the figure of this extraordinary and supposed supernatural monk, beheld Basvalo, the brother of the late Lucretia.

Various were his conjectures on the uncommon conduct of this man, and the reasons which could incite him to become an inhabitant of Madrid under circumstances so strange and novel: he fervently hoped their connexion would remain a secret, and flattered himself that on this point their interest would be reciprocal. The marquis, however, was deceived in his conjecture; the visit of the monk to the castle (a description of which was given by Albert to Osmund) perfectly confirmed that he by no means intended so easily to resign the power he possessed; and by the peculiar manner in which he conducted it, it was easily to be perceived he intended to involve the marquis in the mystery of his proceedings. They had a conference that night in the eastern part of Olvernardo, to which chambers Reginald followed the monk.

The demand of the latter, which formed the subject of this interview, appeared to the marquis, at the moment it was made, equally astonishing and unnatural; but the views of Theodosius by degrees were explained to him, and he plainly perceived

that he neither formed schemes without certain designs in their result, or executed his plans but under that sagacity which almost rendered it impossible for them to fail in the effects he intended they should produce.

The marquis d'Olvernardo had within a few weeks been appointed by the king principal commissary for the exchange and ransom of prisoners taken by the dey of Algiers.

A treaty of this kind was at the present period commenced between the two countries, and a ratification already signed on the part of the former, by which various unfortunate persons, who had laboured under a cruel and foreign servitude for many years, were shortly expected to return to their native country. The subject of Theodosius's request was, that one whom he might name should, by the power of the marquis, still continue in exile.

The marquis was amazed and perplexed at the demand: there was more difficulty in it than might at the moment have been supposed: an exception of such a nature

would probably hereafter give rise to the most minute investigation as to the causes of it: the party injured might gain an opportunity to appeal by proxy to the throne, and procure justice for their wrongs.

A request however from the monk was, by the circumstances under which he made it, of too much consequence to be denied. He attempted to explain the difficulty and danger of such a forfeiture in his trust; but the countenance of Theodosius instantly confirmed he was sensible of the strength of his authority, and would exert it to the utmost.

The marquis assented, and demanded the name of him who was still to be doomed to continue an unfortunate existence under a state of the most poignant misery, after hourly expecting to be released.

The monk answered, his name was Basvalo.

"That is your name!" cried the marquis with some surprise.

"True," replied the monk: "and he whom I wish detained at Algiers is *my own father.*"

The marquis involuntarily uttered an exclamation of astonishment and horror.

"You perceive I conceal nothing from you, D'Olvernardo," said the priest with a considerable degree of contempt and irony: "It is, you know, our mutual interest to be secret."

The marquis felt the force of this observation; he again ventured to inquire concerning his child. The brows of Theodosius instantly became contracted; he refused all explanation on the subject, and declared he must never behold it again.

D'Olvernardo would have remonstrated, but he dreaded all kind of altercation on this point. The words of the monk, in such arguments, probed him to the soul; he had not courage to meet the horrors they produced.

He returned to the inhabited parts of the castle by the way he had left them: but Theodosius, who seemed perfectly acquainted with the intricacies of the east chambers, took a different direction.

The news of his visit to the castle immediately spread through Madrid. The cu-

riosity of the king was again excited: in a private interview with the marquis, he requested some explanations: but the latter again evaded them; the consequence of which was his evident displeasure for some time. His regard, however, was not to be shaken by so trivial an offence, and in a few months the marquis regained his favour and confidence.

No material event occurred for several years; during which the marquis's confessor died, and Theodosius was, by his own express desire, appointed to his place.

This appointment again in some measure raised those tales of wonder concerning the wizard monk and the marquis, which had gradually died away before the attraction of new subjects for conversation and astonishment. An accusation of magic was likewise brought against the former by the brothers of his community, which threatened him with the danger of falling under the cognizance of the Inquisition; but the marquis again stood forward, and screened him from the punishment which awaited him. He could not, however, pre-

vent his discardment from the monastery of St. Mark.

These circumstances, in their turn, raised the buz of public report; but, as no material effects occurred from them, they were soon neglected, and after a short period nearly forgotten.

The marquis remained uninterrupted for several years in the possession of those comforts, which, had his conscience permitted him to enjoy, must have rendered him a truly happy man. But his soul was tainted with a crime which neither time nor circumstances could obliterate from his memory. Vainly had he supposed that he might in some degree cast a veil of oblivion over the recollection of that dreadful moment which imbrued his hands in the blood of his wife. Her bleeding bosom was continually before his eyes; the look which she gave him in the very moment of dissolution daily glared upon him, and her last words continually sounded in his ears. His health and external appearance were visibly affected by such sensations; the exertions of his family were useless to give

him comfort; they reminded him of his own unworthiness, they called forth a bitter consciousness of his guilt. The affliction of the marquis's mind was a mystery which no one was able to develop. The causes were judged, in part, to originate from Theodosius the monk: the reasons, however, were indefinable which could occasion the apparent confidence and secresy which subsisted between them. The private interviews which they had after the latter was appointed his confessor were always at his own request, and were generally for the express purpose of aiding those schemes in which he was continually involved.

The power of the marquis, with respect to detaining the father of Basvalo in slavery, had the desired effect; while it was artfully contrived, in case of an examination, to be charged as an error.

Theodosius remained undisturbed on this point for many years, till he was suddenly informed, by private intelligence, that his father was no more; that a Spanish prisoner, whose term of slavery had been of a far later date than that of Basvalo's, had

become much attached to him before his death; and there was danger, at some future time, should he return to his native country, of his making those inquiries which would create the most strict investigation. Theodosius resolved, by the aid of his correspondent, to keep a watchful eye upon this man, and regulate his actions according to the probability of his release from slavery.

The day before that on which the marquis so suddenly requested of his son to resign all thoughts of an union with Cassandra de Gosmond, the demand had been made to *him* by Theodosius, who proposed his own daughter to supply the place of that lady.

The marquis was surprised and chagrined. He was aware of the distress it would occasion to all parties; he well knew the struggle Albert would suffer to accede to it; and he was convinced of its injustice towards Cassandra. He attempted to expostulate; but the monk was, as usual, inexorable. His threats, in case of refusal, were most horrible to the ear of the marquis, and

plans were immediately arranged for the execution of his schemes.

The reader is acquainted with the result of them. That part in which Cassandra was deceived, in visiting the castle on the night of the masquerade, was managed entirely by Orlando and the monk. The whole affair was concealed from the marquis; in consequence of which he acceded to the general opinion, that Albert must have been a principal concerned in it, while his sudden departure from the castle seemed to confirm the suspicions against him.

The monk, who at this period was deeply engaged by various intricate affairs, was less importunate on the subject of Albert's union with his daughter after the absence of the former. His views of aggrandisement in this point, it was easy to be perceived, had been planned at a former period; and his reasons for excluding the supposed infant daughter of Lucretia might, in part, be traced in his wish to render Albert at once the undoubted and disencumbered heir of his father's fortune.

The health of the marquis rapidly de-

clined after his son's departure from the castle. The exertions of his physicians proved fruitless as to his recovery; and they were at last necessitated to answer the anxious questions he daily put to them on the subject, with the awful information, that he could exist but a short time. His sufferings, poignant as they might before have been, were yet but trivial to those he experienced at this period. The horrors of his mind were insupportable: a situation more truly miserable could not be conceived in human nature. The marquis fortunately retained his senses during this conflict: a confession of his guilt seemed the only specific capable of giving him comfort: he waited for the presence of his son (who, he was informed, had been sent for express from Murcia) with the utmost anxiety. Fearful, however, he should not be permitted to survive an interview with him, he determined no longer to defer the awful task he had imposed upon himself. Scarcely able to hold a pen, he wrote a few lines upon a slip of paper, which he carefully sealed, and dispatched it by his

confidential servant to a man whose dwelling he described in a peculiar solitary and remote part of the suburbs.

The servant performed his orders. The man to whom he delivered it was of strange figure, and desired him to say he would attend to its contents. The marquis then desired that the same person should be admitted to his chamber at midnight, at which hour he would visit the castle.

The alarm and horror of his wife and daughter at these proceedings were inexpressible; but, as he was perfectly collected in his mind, they did not attempt to countermand the orders he gave. The stranger was punctual, and was immediately conducted to the sick room, and left alone with the marquis.

This man, whose name was Gideon, had been for many years the principal confident of Theodosius the monk. He had been introduced to the marquis by the latter, and, in many of their late interviews, had attended. D'Olvernardo had lately discovered in him what he conceived an inclination to abandon the tyranny and vices of his ma-

ster, but till the present period he had not dared to probe him on the subject. Under the resolutions he had now taken, he had nothing to fear, even if he failed in his exertions to render him an evidence against the monk. He well knew it was in his power to discover the minute particulars of many diabolical plans which the former had near this time ripe for execution. His efforts were successful. Gideon had long languished under the tortures which a perfect consciousness of guilt is always sure to produce; but he was so entangled in the snares of Theodosius, (who possessed many dangerous proofs against him) that his resolution had always sunk under the struggle it required to reform.

The sight of the marquis d'Olvernardo on a death-bed struck him with a force he had perhaps never before experienced.

" If such are the agonies of a man," he whispered to himself, " who is surrounded by every luxury to mitigate the pangs of conscious guilt, can I hope for an alleviation of them in such trying moments?"

After some conversation, Gideon con-

fessed he most sincerely repented of the crimes which had characterised the chief part of his life, and that he was now ready to make what poor atonement was yet in his power, by giving every aid to frustrate those the monk was yet going to commit.

Gideon was acquainted with his designs upon the honour of Cassandra. Don Alphonso, through his artifices, inhabited, as a prisoner, an apartment in the east parts of Olvernardo. He knew Orlando was intended as the instrument to perform certain points in agitation, but he was not sure of the exact period which was intended for their completion.

Gideon was dismissed, with orders to keep a watchful eye on the actions of the monk.

The latter part of the following day the marquis summoned resolution to send for one of the principal nobles of the Spanish court, with whom he had long been in habits of the strictest intimacy. To him he confessed the murder of Lucretia, and explained the origin and progress of his connexion with the monk of Madrid.

The surprise and horror of his friend at this relation may well be conceived. It did not, however, prevent him from using immediate exertions to bring Theodosius to justice; which he wished to be managed in such a manner, that the multitude of Madrid might be convinced of the egregious error they had so long cherished respecting his possession of supernatural power.

It was under these views that he conceived it would be a most desirable point to surprise him in the midst of the last deeds he had planned, which he was aware might be easily contrived by the assistance of Gideon. It was however necessary that this man should resign himself to the power of public justice, who would guaranty his life for the evidence he might give.

Don Felix himself proceeded to the miserable hovel of Gideon; and having explained the manner in which he intended to proceed, the latter agreed to surrender himself to the cognizance of the civil power. He was accordingly immediately put under the custody of two alguazils. His cottage

was abandoned; while he was conveyed to the house of one of the peace officers of the city.

These proceedings were managed with the utmost secresy. Another confessor was appointed for the marquis in the room of Theodosius, whom the servants had strict orders on no account to admit. These combined circumstances occasioned in the monk considerable alarm and suspicion. Gideon's disappearance, and the refusal of admittance to the marquis, at once gave him every reason to suppose that some schemes were engendered for his destruction. He had, however, gone too far in the deeds he had ripe for execution to retract; dispatch was the only point he conceived necessary; his resolves on their accomplishment were resolute and determined.

The very rapid increase of the marquis's indisposition a few hours before the arrival of his son deferred the conference necessary to take place before the final adoption of those plans that were to be pursued with respect to Theodosius.

The arrival likewise of another visitor at

the castle, a short time before Albert and Osmund, and who had been introduced to the dying man, had occasioned him the most violent emotions. Gideon, among several other discoveries of Theodosius's proceedings, mentioned the confinement of Leonora (his supposed daughter) within the walls of the convent of A——, the abbess of which was devoted to his interest. This, however, was the least interesting part of his information relative to Leonora. He further declared she was not the daughter of the monk, but of the marquis d'Olvernardo by Lucretia his first wife ;—that on the fatal night when this infant was delivered to Theodosius by Vavoldi, the former immediately carried it to his cottage, which was no great distance from the castle, where his wife had already the charge of a daughter of the monk's about the same age, whom he had seen but a few times since its birth. This woman, aware of the atrocities which her husband was continually in the act of committing under the service of Theodosius, and unable to make any impression upon him to alter his conduct by the daily en-

treaties which she used, supposed that some ill was intended to the new charge with which she was presented; and knowing the high dignity of its father, she resolved, with the most consummate policy, to change the children; which she was certain it would be impossible for either her husband or the monk to discover, and which for a time she concealed from them both.

By these means she considered the offspring of the marquis would at all events be preserved; and, should justice hereafter overtake them, such a discovery would be a powerful plea in their favour.

A few hours before her death (which happened several years after) she revealed this event to her husband, and conjured him with the utmost tenderness, in the last moments of her existence, to preserve the secret with care, as he might perhaps need it for his own preservation at some future period.

Gideon, who even then began to languish under the tyranny of the monk, determined to follow the advice of his dying wife.

Through these means Theodosius actually murdered his own child, under the idea that he destroyed the rightful female heir of the marquis d'Olvernardo. Immediately this confession took place, an order, with the high mandate of the king, was immediately procured, and dispatched with proper officers to execute it. The lady abbess was necessitated to give up Leonora, of whose treatment, during her residence with her, she had great reason to complain. She arrived at the castle time enough to embrace her father, who immediately recognised the unfortunate offspring of his first love, and confirmed the tale of Gideon, by a mole on her left arm.

There was every reason for supposition that this was the night intended by the monk to fulfil his last schemes of villany. The marquis's being unable to see his son until a late hour in the evening, and the very long conference that took place afterwards, which concluded through the dissolution of the former, at once prevented those arrangements from taking place which had already been fixed upon by Don

Felix, Gideon, and Albert, several hours before.

Immediately they were relieved from the chamber of death, Albert (whose grief for the loss of his father rendered him less active at this critical period than he would otherwise have been) was incited by Osmund and Gideon to lose no time in proceeding immediately to the east chambers: it was the express wish of his dying father. This idea at once raised him from the stupor which his sufferings during the last few hours had occasioned. He desired the domestics might be summoned in the great hall of the castle. They consented to follow him with the most heartfelt exclamations of regard and affection; their band was joined by several alguazils, who had purposely been procured in the fore part of the day; and Gideon was ordered to lead to those apartments which he knew to be inhabited by the victims of the monk.

The violence of the storm which raged on this night served to render their way more gloomy and intricate. Part of one of the east turrets, which fell at a moment

when they were at no great distance, served to detain them some little time. They at length, however, reached that chamber which was appropriated to the crimes of the monk. The door was fortunately unlocked, through neglect; by which means they entered without opposition.

The remaining circumstances of this horrid night in the castle of Olvernardo have been already related. Events which had for years been considered as mysteries of considerable import, and impenetrable to human intellect, were in a few hours principally elucidated, and the fallacy of crediting those reports, which place certain men above the level of human ability, fully and publicly explained.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

Compassion proper to mankind appears,
Which Nature witness'd when she lent us tears.
Of tender sentiments we only give
Those proofs—To weep is our prerogative;
To show, by pitying looks and melting eyes,
How with a suff'ring friend we sympathise.

TATE.

THE death of the marquis d'Olvernardo, with the discoveries which followed in the east part of the castle, were soon spread through the city of Madrid. The distress of the family of this unfortunate nobleman was most poignant and severe: a discovery of crimes in *him*, to whom they were bound by the strongest ties of affection, at once formed a source of bitter and grievous reflexions.

His funeral was conducted without any degree of pomp, by his own desire; and his body interred in the mausoleum of his ancestors.

A few hours after he discovered he had

an elder daughter living, the marquis, with the assistance of his friends, made some alteration in his will, by which his three children and wife received equal dividends of his fortune, except the castle, which devolved to Albert as male heir.

Osmund, whose surprise and horror at the death of his brother, and circumstances connected with it, for the moment obliterated all other considerations from his memory, recollected, the next morning after the catastrophe, the immediate necessity of acquainting Don Diego de Mellas with the dissolution of his nephew, and the various particulars and incidents relating to it. This was a task the most arduous and distressing. He conceived it had far better be conveyed to him by verbal communication, than in an attempt to disclose it by letter. He knew signior Zadok Bellzenipp would be the most proper person to perform it, and he was certain the goodness of his heart would prompt him to accede to a request for that purpose. He accordingly wrote to the tutor at Seville, related the manner of his brother's death, and the melancholy de-

tail of events which led to it. He begged signior Zadok would, with his usual humanity, undertake a journey to Don Diego's solitary mansion, and in some measure soften the horror of the tale with that comfort he was so well able to give. He also inclosed a short epistle to be delivered to his uncle, in which he apologised for not personally attending upon him, as the bearer of the disagreeable information he had to disclose.

Orlando's funeral was kept as private as possible. Osmund followed him to the grave, and his emotions during the ceremony were too violent for concealment.

The body of Theodosius the monk received funeral rites, with as much privacy as possible, under the directions of the corregidor of Madrid. The indignation of the populace prompted them to declare that, as he had forfeited those rites, an allowance of them was criminal: their murmurs became clamorous; but a few observations from some of the most liberal of their teachers served in a great measure to quell their displeasure.

"It is the province," said they, "of the Supreme Being to inflict punishment after death. An attempt to retaliate upon a lifeless body, for those crimes which were committed by the spirit who animated it, is not only a vile mockery at the attributes of the Creator, but a ridiculous and absurd exertion of tyranny, the effects of which are truly impotent." The remains of the late Lucretia d'Olvernardo were, according to the dying request of the marquis, moved from the spot were they were buried in the east part of the castle, and placed with funeral honours near his own.

A messenger was dispatched to Don Everard de Gosmond, a few hours after the discovery of his daughter, with the intelligence of that event. A regular account was afterwards transmitted to him of the transactions of Theodosius and Orlando, relative to her, which served fully to clear Albert of every suspicion of having had any concern in them.

A daily account was dispatched to him of Cassandra's gradual recovery, and in the course of a few weeks he so far re-

gained his own strength as to be able to return to Madrid.

An officer of justice was dispatched to secure Otto immediately after the dissolution of his master. As this man was most materially concerned with Theodosius, it was conceived necessary to grant him a pardon as to the forfeiture of his life, under the penalty of perpetual banishment, if he would make a true discovery of the various and intricate concerns which had subsisted between himself, the monk, and Orlando. To this offer he gladly acquiesced; and by these means the chief part of the property which the latter possessed was secured, and discovered to be that which had been plundered from Don Esau de Cavet. Several relations of the latter were then existing under the utmost penury and distress. Osmund divided the ill-procured wealth of his brother into equal shares, and distributed it among the poor relatives of the miser.

Don Alphonso de Mellas, who had long been one of the principal victims of Theo-

dosius the monk *, but slowly recovered from the very ill state of health which his various sufferings had produced. He anticipated those scenes of tranquillity and happiness, which were now in all probability destined to cheer the remaining years of his life, with the most fervent gratitude and adoration to that Being whose omnipotent power had produced them.

The inhabitants of Olvernardo found a considerable alleviation to their sorrows at this critical period in the society of each other; and they were soon joined by one who demanded all their exertions to give him consolation, while in the charitable attempt they received great relief to their own distress.

Signior Zadok immediately undertook the unpleasant office assigned him by Osmund, and conveyed to Don Diego the intelligence of the melancholy fate of his nephew with

* Owing to the friendship he had formerly showed to the elder Basvalo, his father, in Algiers; and who was the same person he had received information of from his correspondent at that city.

that caution and delicacy the information so greatly required. Don Diego needed all his advice and all his comfort on the receival of the dreadful intelligence: his disappointment in the flattering hopes he had entertained of the virtues of his dearly beloved adopted son was the most poignant and severe. Don Diego had arrived at those years which rendered him ill calculated to support such a trial with a fortitude capable of preserving his health against its attacks; his spirits sunk into a state of the most alarming depression, and the powers of signior Zadok were lost in his attempts to relieve him. He determined, however, to make one effort, which seemed the only chance that promised any probability of success; this was, to persuade Don Diego to accompany him to the castle of Olvernardo.

The tutor conceived, if his mind could but in some degree be converted from a continual reflexion on the fate of his unfortunate nephew, that the most sanguine hopes might be entertained for a return of the usual tranquillity of his mind.

Under these ideas, he proposed the jour-

ney to Don Diego, who for some time could not be persuaded to think of it. Zadok however was indefatigable, and at length obliged him to consent to the proposal.

The letter which announced their visit was received by the inhabitants of Olvernardo with the most heartfelt satisfaction. Signior Zadok and Don Diego followed it in a few days. The meeting of Don Alphonso and his uncle occasioned emotions in each the most violent and affecting: the whole family partook of them: for a moment their sorrows seemed renewed; but the duties of hospitality raised them from a lethargy of distress, and by degrees helped to relieve it.

The promise made to Gideon was fully confirmed by the king; several other inferior associates of the monk found means to escape justice by flight; and Otto's sentence was fulfilled by perpetual banishment.

By the various confessions of Gideon and Otto, from information received through Don Alphonso, aided by posthumous notes of the late marquis d'Olvernardo and Orlando de Mellas, a complete history of the

principal outline of the life of Theodosius was procured, which fully elucidated the various schemes he had long practised upon the credulity of his fellow creatures, and as fully confirmed his superior abilities and unexampled villany.

It was conceived highly necessary that the chief events relative to the monk should be published to the world, that the multitude might be convinced how egregiously they had been deceived by the artifices of an individual, and guard against future impositions of the same nature.

The principal circumstances which were made known are contained in the memoirs of the following chapter.

# CHAP. XXIX.

——————A creature such,
As to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare.

SHAKSPEARE.

## MEMOIRS OF THEODOSIUS BASVALO.

THOSE events in the memoirs of Theodosius Basvalo, which formed the chief outline of his character, at once exhibit a strong and glowing picture of the greatest vices, classed with abilities of a very superior and extraordinary kind.

In tracing the history of this man, the principal features discovered will be powerful propensities towards evil, and a mind possessed of uncommon crafty policy, and subtle invention to execute them. Although he might sometimes be termed a wanton

villain, by committing atrocities which at the moment appeared by no means the result of intended designs, yet Theodosius in every act had a point in view towards certain purposes of gratification, which he often perceived in a long and distant train of perspective. His peculiar mode of proceeding, in looking forward towards these points, served at times to render his actions so apparently wonderful and mysterious, and the dexterity with which he managed them seemed to place detection at defiance.

Theodosius Basvalo (his real name) was the son of a Venetian of considerable rank and fortune. Theodosius and his sister were the only children, and the latter was by two years the youngest. Their mother died in their infancy; while their father exerted the utmost tenderness to render her loss as little calamitous as possible to his young offspring.

Theodosius received the rudiments of his education by a private tutor of great talents; and Lucretia was likewise placed under a governess of considerable merit, who resided in her father's house.

In these arrangements, signior Basvalo anticipated the most beneficial effects to his children, and looked forward to that period (with all the glowing expectations of a fond parent) which should present them to him as the brightest ornaments of the Venetian court.

He was destined, however, to receive a disappointment equally mortifying and distressing in the destruction of all his schemes of happiness, and the annihilation of every hope he had so fervently cherished.

Theodosius, whose progress in his studies was uncommonly rapid, began at an early age to discover various traits of an ill-disposed mind: his tutor beheld them with much alarm, and, under the fear of creating similar sensations in signior Basvalo, so far neglected his duty as to conceal them.

Theodosius, by these means, beheld several of his actions, which deserved the most severe punishment, passed over with impunity, and renewed them without fear of chastisement.

His career at length became too notorious

to be any longer kept from the knowledge of his father, who discovered it with the utmost distress; and, for the purpose of breaking in some degree the various improper connexions he had formed, resolved to send him to Naples under the care of another tutor, whose age and manners were more fit for the situation than his former one.

Among the several letters of introduction he possessed through the interest of his father, was one to the house of signior Raspharini, whose mansion was allowed to be a principal lounge for people of rank in Naples.

Basvalo was received with all the hospitality to which one of his splendid station in society was always sure to procure from signior Raspharini. He and his tutor were constant attendants at his parties, and were requested to consider his house as their own with respect to the comforts it produced.

Theodosius remained but a short time within the bounds of prudence: the exertions of his companion to reform his conduct proved fruitless. Although the establish-

ment he was allowed by his father was liberal, he soon contracted debts of considerable amount: in his fits of inebriety he grossly offended several Neapolitans of high rank: he introduced many improper persons to some of the principal *conversaziones* of signior Raspharini, and at length became so extremely odious to the people of Naples, that his company was universally shunned; and even those who were known to countenance him partook of the general resentment of the populace.

Under these circumstances Theodosius was necessitated to return to his own country; while his tutor, who had quitted him a few weeks after his settlement at Naples, had already given a full description of his conduct to his unhappy father.

Signior Basvalo had some family concerns of considerable consequence to settle in Achaia, in European Turkey. He had for some years deferred this voyage, under the flattering hope that his son would be competent to the trust of transacting it. Such hopes were however entirely frustrated; while the urgency of the business increased

on account of the time it had already been delayed.

The period was now arrived which demanded his immediate attendance at Achaia: he was consequently necessitated to leave Venice rather suddenly, a short time after the return of Theodosius, who appeared callous to his rebukes on his late conduct, and indifferent with respect to any attempts for amending it.

Immediately on signior Basvalo's departure the irregularities of his son increased: he contrived to embezzle a considerable part of his father's property, which he squandered away with the most lavish prodigality; while his sister beheld his proceedings with the utmost alarm, and endeavoured in vain to counteract them.

Several months elapsed after signior Basvalo's absence without any intelligence being received from him, which occasioned the greatest anxiety in his daughter and friends. News at length arrived of the galley in which he sailed having been wrecked in a storm, and among the number of the

passengers missed during the fatal night was signior Basvalo.

This information was received by Lucretia with all the horror and distress which it might be supposed to call forth in an affectionate daughter. She had not only to regret the loss of her parent, but had every thing to dread from the effects which a knowledge of it might produce in her brother. Her anticipations were soon verified: Theodosius seized on his father's property, as his heir, before any regular means by a course of law could be devised to prevent it.

Lucretia immediately wrote to Raspharini (whom she knew her father had always intended to nominate as her guardian), requesting he would suffer her to throw herself on his protection, and take up her residence with him at Naples.

Signior Raspharini, though he had the greatest regard for his late friend Basvalo, and felt most sincerely for the situation of Lucretia, still could not forget the repeated insults he had received from Theodosius,

and was aware of the universal ridicule and contempt he would experience from the generality of Naples in permitting any part of the family to be an inmate in his house.

Signior Raspharini was convinced this was an unwarrantable prejudice; but it was a prejudice forcibly felt by the Neapolitans of rank; and with people of rank signior Raspharini was determined always to agree. Still the goodness of his heart prompted him to present proposals to Lucretia, by which she might receive the benefit of his protection; and for this purpose he wrote to inform her, that if she would consent to conceal her family in such a way that it should not be known in Naples she was related to Theodosius, he would gladly offer her his mansion as an asylum. He declared, however strange and severe these terms might appear, he had the strongest reasons for urging them, which he would hereafter gladly explain.

Lucretia, who at the first moment of reading signior Raspharini's epistle, felt considerable displeasure at the contents of it, yet, after reflexion, discovered some

consistency in his conduct, through the very culpable acts she had heard her brother had committed at Naples, and the very nice and tenacious feelings which the Neapolitans were noted for experiencing on such occasions. Some further deliberation, and the advice of her friends, determined her to accede to his proposals, and abandon her brother, whose various acts of cruelty towards her fully justified the resolution. She departed from Venice, and, after a melancholy journey, rendered still more unpleasant by the depression of spirits under which she laboured, arrived at the house of signior Raspharini at Naples.

The manner in which he received the unfortunate girl fully confirmed his regard for her was unabated; and the peculiar tenderness of his behaviour during her residence with him plainly demonstrated that, however he might be actuated by the punctilios of Italian etiquette, he possessed the most liberal and generous sentiments.

Lucretia adopted a fictitious name. Her own interest was concerned in this arrangement, and the demands of Raspharini were

satisfied. Had she been known to be the sister of Theodosius, the chilling reserve she would have experienced from all ranks of persons would have rendered her life truly miserable.

The existence of such prejudices are to be regretted, but to counteract their effects is impossible.

Theodosius, who now continued his dissipated career in Venice without controul, soon ran through the fortune of his father.

During this period he received into his service a distressed and persecuted Italian, called Gideon Osvano. This man, who belonged to the under classes of the community, had for several years been reputed as honest, industrious, and inoffensive: he maintained a wife and child with the utmost credit, and was universally esteemed for his sobriety and integrity.

Gideon one evening, in a carousal with some friends, chanced to speak too freely of the government of Venice: the next morning he found himself a prisoner. One who partook of his hospitality conveyed the seditious words to the high orders of the state,

and Gideon was immediately declared an enemy to his country.

It is needless to relate the several degrees of oppression under which he laboured for the few inadvertent syllables which he had uttered in an unthinking moment of hilarity. He was imprisoned; his business was lost, his child murdered for want of common nourishment, and his own constitution entirely undermined through the ravages of a disease which raged in the jail where he was confined. The honour of his wife was attempted by the very wretch who had laid the charge against him; while his name was branded with every species of infamy, to form some kind of excuse to the multitude for the rigor of his sentence.

The effects and revolutions which these circumstances produced in his mind were of no common kind: he suffered his injuries in sullen silence; he was seldom heard to complain, but brooded over them in secret and alone. He gradually became ferocious and cruel even to his wife and best friends: plans of resentment and retaliation for his sufferings wholly occupied his thoughts;

they formed the continual subjects of his daily reveries and midnight dreams. He reflected on his past scenes of happiness with madness, and became totally careless as to his future welfare: in short, his very nature seemed to undergo an entire change, and he sunk into a character equally despicable and vicious.

Gideon, after he was in some measure freed from the tyranny of his oppressors, possessed every inclination towards mischief, without its being immediately in his power to gratify them. His spleen, unfortunately, was not particularly directed against his enemies—it took a scope more general and alarming: he felt a hatred towards the whole human race, which made it indifferent to him on whom his vengeance fell, however innocent the parties might be who suffered by it.

At this critical juncture chance threw him in the way of Theodosius, who first engaged him as the harbinger of his pleasures, but who afterwards, through necessity, employed him in the most critical events of his life.

Basvalo having expended the whole of that property he had so unjustly seized upon, became enthralled under various pecuniary difficulties. An application to his sister, from whom he could have but little hope of assistance, when his late behaviour was considered, seemed the only chance of extricating him; and for this purpose he suddenly quitted Venice, and proceeded to Naples. On his arrival he concealed himself as much as possible from public observation; while with uncommon effrontery he wrote a conciliating billet to signior Raspharini, and immediately followed it by a visit.

Signior Raspharini would not see him: he demanded an interview with his sister, and soon discovered her situation with respect to Olvernardo.

Theodosius, as has been observed, was a man who looked forward with considerable penetration: he considered D'Olvernardo might at some future period be made serviceable; nor did he by any means wish at present to be introduced to him as the brother of Lucretia. Yet, to preserve this se-

cret, (at which he pretended the utmost indignation,) he procured from the terrified girl the little property she had in her possession. Still Theodosius was a regular attendant at the house of signior Raspharini, whose attempts to affront him, or make him abandon it, were useless: he continued there as an intruder with the most unparalleled assurance, and, during his stay, paid his sister in public various little civilities, in all probability with the mere mischievous idea of raising the jealousy of her husband. His plans on this point succeeded. Lucretia, fearful that a discovery of being related to one whose character was so notorious as that of Theodosius would tend in some degree to estrange from her the regard and affections of Reginald, under the most erroneous conceptions, carefully concealed it from him, hoping that in a short time her brother would leave Naples.

The consequence of this mode of acting has been already described. Olvernardo suddenly left his wife, and returned to his own country; and in a very short time after

Theodosius was once more obliged to fly from Naples.

Lucretia, deserted by her husband, (while the secret of her marriage had never been disclosed,) found herself in a situation equally grievous and perplexing. She had been some months pregnant: the loss of her reputation seemed inevitable; the priest who had married them died a few days after the ceremony; and her affirmation of it, after the strange absence of Olvernardo, she conceived would be of little service. Had she given herself time for some reflexion in this dilemma, various means might have been arranged to have obviated the difficulties which surrounded her; but her sudden flight from the house of signior Raspharini seemed at once to sanction the reports which were afterwards circulated to her dishonour.

She was necessitated to make use of the money left her by Olvernardo, and took up her abode in a small cottage, several miles distant from Naples, where she was delivered of a son.

The illness of her infant detained her for some time in her humble retreat; and, after attending him with the most affectionate care, he expired in her arms at the end of four months.

Having now nothing to detain her from returning to her own country, she arrived there under all the horrors of poverty and disgrace.

Vavoldi, an old domestic of her father's, who had once visited her during her residence at Naples, was the only one who failed to treat her with contempt: he requested she would permit him to attend her in the humble capacity of a servant; he wished for no emolument for his services; he had saved enough from the wages of his late master to maintain him, but he could not bear the idea of quitting his family while any branch of it remained to whom he could be useful.

The behaviour of this old man made a greater impression upon Lucretia, when she contrasted it to that which she received from her more elevated pretended friends, who, without seeing her, subscribed some

small sums for her subsistence, and presented them by the hands of a stranger, with a sharp rebuke at her conduct for having occasioned her to want them.

She remained some time in Naples under the utmost obscurity, in retired and paltry lodgings. Her pride preserved her from sinking under her misfortunes, while the faithful Vavoldi attended her with the most anxious care and tenderness.

During this period she heard but little of her brother: he had abandoned the capital, but for what part seemed unknown.

Lucretia at length resolved to put in practice a wish she had for several months dwelt upon with peculiar pleasure; this was, to undertake a journey to Madrid, in hopes of gaining an interview with Olvernardo.

Vavoldi at first attempted to persuade her from such a plan; but, perceiving she was determined, he resolved to attend her in the execution of it: they accordingly departed from Venice, and arrived without any material event (except the indisposition of Lucretia) at Madrid.

Theodosius, with the small sums which he contrived to procure from his sister at Naples, immediately on his quitting that city proceeded towards Rovigo, a town several miles from Venice, where he was necessitated to remain concealed for some time on account of the debts he had contracted, which there appeared no probability of his being ever able to discharge.

His residence, during this seclusion, was some little distance from the town, in the cottage of an elderly woman, called Gillian Orvini, who with her daughter, an only child, had been inhabitants of the place a considerable time, and who had before lived in a far more elevated sphere. Family misfortunes, however, reduced the former, with her infant daughter, (then not more than two years old,) to abandon the comforts and luxuries which had hitherto surrounded her, and fix their abode in a lonely and retired hovel near Rovigo.

Leonora, though she might in some respects be accounted a sufferer by the altered situation of her parents, experienced but little difference as to the formation of

her mind, and the education she received. Her mother was a woman of the most general accomplishments and refined manners; her whole time was dedicated to the instruction of her beloved child, whose improvement paid the highest compliment to the abilities of her tutoress.

She was about sixteen when Theodosius first became an inhabitant of their cottage, which was a short time before his first visit to Naples. The tenderness of his father urged him, on observing he seemed to labour under a slight indisposition, to propose a change of air for his recovery.

Theodosius had already seen Leonora, had been struck with her beauty and fascinating manners, and discovered that her mother occasionally let out a spare chamber of her dwelling to people of repute. He immediately became much indisposed, which produced the wished-for offer of his father. Theodosius mentioned a beautiful little cottage he had observed on the banks of the river Adigesto. His father instantly repaired there, engaged the spare chamber of the

widow, and his son directly took possession of it.

He occupied this apartment near six months, during which period he used every effort to gain the affections of Leonora. Her mother, under an idea of the rank and splendor which an alliance with Theodosius was likely to produce, beheld the peculiar manner of the lodger to her daughter without notice or explanation, little aware of his designs or the danger of her situation.

Leonora was of an age when she was liable to receive the most lasting impressions from the views and exertions of Theodosius. He was crafty and insinuating; he was young, spirited, and handsome; he possessed the power of rendering himself pleasing when interested motives urged him to the task; all his finesse was called into action to secure the heart of this girl, and it succeeded to his wish. His father, who had intimation of the circumstances, suddenly sent him to Naples; and Leonora, at this critical juncture, escaped the ruin which threatened her.

Absence, and the various avocations in

which he was engaged, soon banished her from his mind: even on his return to Venice she was not considered worthy of a visit.

The second time, however, of his leaving Naples his affairs in the capital of his own country were in so deranged a state that he was aware concealment for a time would be absolutely necessary, and no place offered a more secure retreat than the cottage of Gillian.

He was too well acquainted with his power over the affections of her daughter to apprehend any doubt of their receiving him, and her mother was equally duped by his artful insinuations of marrying her child.

Their cottage immediately became his asylum. After a few rebukes on his late neglect, their resentment was entirely forgotten, and Theodosius was presented with every little comfort it was in their power to procure him.

In the course of a few months after he had taken up his residence with them, Gillian was taken ill, and, after languishing,

some little time under the ravages of a fatal disease, died in the arms of her child, whom she bequeathed to the protection of her lodger.

Theodosius had long waited for the moment which should place Leonora under his schemes, without her being assisted by the watchful and anxious eye of a tender parent. The pecuniary circumstances of her mother were in a confused state: Theodosius was the only one to whom she could look for aid. He played upon her affections; he took every advantage of the concurring events which tended to throw her in his power; and Leonora, in an evil hour, resigned herself to the guilty embraces of her artful seducer, without obtaining the sanction of those rights which her own welfare and reputation so greatly demanded.

They abandoned the cottage, and removed to a still more recluse situation, where they remained a considerable time; during which she reflected upon her misconduct with a poignancy and regret which slowly preyed upon her health, and at length brought her to the grave.

She left an infant daughter, whose birth she did not survive six weeks.

This child was placed, after her dissolution, under the care of the wife of Gideon, who fulfilled her trust towards it with the greatest tenderness.

It was about this period that Theodosius found the embarrassments of his affairs so materially increased, that there appeared no method of eluding the vengeance of his creditors but by abandoning his country: nor was the disarranged state of his affairs the only motive which urged him to quit Italy; he apprehended some danger of an accusation for acting as an enemy towards the state, and he was conscious an examination of his conduct would in all probability procure him a most exemplary punishment. He had long cherished hopes of procuring some assistance from Olvernardo, either by threats respecting a disclosure of his marriage with his sister, or by some false tale of distress.

He was acquainted with Lucretia's having left Venice for Madrid, but could not discover whether she was under the protection

of Olvernardo, or remained a fugitive in that city. He at length determined to repair there immediately himself, and quitted Venice with the utmost secresy. He possessed a sum of money (far more than adequate to defray the expenses of his journey), which he had contrived to conceal from his creditors.

Gideon was ordered to follow in the course of a few days, with his wife and the infant under her care. Theodosius considered they might be useful in the execution of those plans he had already formed.

On his arrival on the borders of Spain he was suddenly taken ill, and necessitated immediately to halt upon his journey. His disorder rapidly increased; it was a fever of a malignant kind, and its violence more than usually dreadful.

Gideon and his wife fortunately arrived at the same inn (following the route he had taken) a few days after the commencement of his indisposition, and the latter was of the most essential service in the care and attention she paid to the nursing of him.

For some days it was considered as im-

possible he could survive: he, however, after a considerable time, so far recovered as to be able to pursue his journey.

The person of Theodosius, in this illness, underwent a material alteration: the whole *contour* of his countenance seemed entirely changed; his features became far more prominent, and his complexion received a deadly and pallid hue uncommonly striking.

He had during his confinement expended the chief part of his money, and was obliged on the remainder of his way to Madrid to use the strictest economy.

On his arrival at the city he concealed himself as much as possible, hired obscure lodgings for Gideon and his wife, with his infant daughter, who followed him but a day's stage behind. His first business was to learn news of his sister: this, however, was a task of some difficulty, as he was necessitated to be extremely cautious in his inquiries. The exertions of Theodosius were useless on this point—he could only learn that the marquis was married to another *.

* This information, through motives of policy, he determined to conceal for a time from Lucretia.

The third day after his arrival at Madrid he unexpectedly met Vavoldi, from whom he soon contrived to discover the retreat of his mistress. An interview with her was the immediate consequence of this intelligence. Lucretia was both alarmed and distressed at the sight of him: she was aware of the mischief his knowledge of her residence might produce; she trembled at the idea of the marquis's jealousy being again excited by the event; while she still hesitated, under a false delicacy, to confess to him she was related to one of so abandoned a character.

Theodosius in his first interview demanded money of her, and she presented him with the principal part of what she possessed.

In the second he opened more fully some plans he had formed for robbing her husband, according to which arrangement she was to be a party concerned.

It was after this visit that Olvernardo first observed him returning from the castle. Theodosius had been prefacing the schemes

he was going to lay before her by an artful attack upon her feelings, as the most likely method to prevail upon her to accede to them. Unfortunately the marquis did not witness those emotions which her brother's explanation called forth. Lucretia, naturally soft, delicate, and inoffensive, had been considered by Theodosius of so passive a disposition, that a little exertion of superior intellectual powers was capable of moving her to any plans he might wish to pursue, though contrary to her own interest or general morality.

Theodosius, however successful he might have been, either before or since that period, in his studies on human nature, was certainly most egregiously deceived in the hopes he had formed upon the imbecility of his sister's mind: he discovered that (although perhaps not possessed of abilities the most splendid, or endowed with a degree of fortitude equal to withstand many of the threats or entreaties from which he had often derived such considerable aid) the idea of wronging her husband was ca-

pable of raising in her bosom the most acute sensations, and called forth a violence of displeasure he had never before witnessed.

It was in vain he attempted to assuage her anger by those artful insinuations which he had always ready for his purpose, of throwing a different construction on his words. Lucretia, after such a proof of his villany, was not to be deceived by a frivolous and trifling excuse: she uttered a severe reproach, and immediately left him; while Theodosius was necessitated to depart under a conviction that his speculations on mind, as well as his expectations of the consequences which might result from them, were not always correct.

In his next visit, some time after, he went prepared to cancel the resentment of Lucretia, by a pretended repentance of his former errors.

Theodosius, when his affairs demanded it, was equally capable of working on the soul by the most pathetic language and delivery as by more violent and vehement measures. Lucretia at first listened to him

under suspicious doubts of his reformation; but by degrees he so worked upon her feelings, and so excited her tenderness, that she sunk on his bosom in tears, and embraced him with the affection of a sister.

At this moment, this fatal moment, Olvernardo witnessed unseen the interview; saw her emotions with distraction, beheld her embracing him with madness, and, in the phrensy of jealousy and despair, plunged his poniard into the breast of his wife. Horrible deed! which at once riveted him, by ties of blood, a slave to the powerful machinations of Theodosius.

The lips of Lucretia, in her last moments, disclosed the fatal secret of her affinity to that man whom the burning brain of her husband had figured as the author of his disgrace. To describe those pangs of horror and remorse which stung his bosom would be but pedantic mockery; they only could be felt by one who had loved and sinned as he had.

In Theodosius this act occasioned ideas which followed in his penetrating mind with

the most rapid succession. He viewed the lifeless corpse of his murdered sister with cool composure; but he reflected on the train of events which might be produced from the bloody deed with rapture. Always wary, yet prompt in his actions, he artfully contrived to make the marquis confess his guilt before Vavoldi, and took precautions that neither of them should escape, by placing Gideon as a spy upon the avenues leading from the castle, and maintaining a similar watch himself, both night and day.

He contrived, with the assistance of Vavoldi, to bury the body of Lucretia, and then began to consider on the best use he could make of that ascendency he had acquired over the fallen Olvernardo. Theodosius discovered that such reflexions were more extensive and more difficult to determine upon than he at first suspected. He was no common speculator, who lost sight of the probable consequences of present events because they gave him momentary satisfaction. He looked forward to their termination in futurity, and developed their

ill or good effects with the most crafty discernment.

Theodosius had lately received a spur to desperate actions. A few months before he quitted his retirement near Venice, in a fit of violent resentment against the laws of his country, (which harassed him for the just claims of his creditors, and took cognisance of several immoral misdemeanors he had committed), he made some attempts of a very serious nature, aided by Gideon, to instil into the minds of the inhabitants round the part where they resided some dangerous sentiments of a seditious nature, which aimed most pointedly at the rulers of the country and the abolition of their power.

From the information of those men, Gideon understood (by a letter from a friend) that the whole of their transactions had been discovered, and that Theodosius stood accused as one of the principals concerned.

From these circumstances the rage of the Venetian government had become inflexible; the forfeiture of life was the certain award of his actions, and the strictest search had been made in Venice for his person.

Theodosius however, before this period, had arrived in Spain. Still irritated and disappointed at receiving no satisfactory revenge, through his absence from the Venetian territory, it was then in agitation to demand him of the Spanish government, provided he secreted himself in that country, which they had various reasons for supposing to be the case.

Theodosius well knew the critical situation in which he stood: he was certain there was no probability that the request which the Venetian state was about to make to the Spanish monarch would be refused, and he shuddered at the idea of the torture he knew was inflicted on those who had been found guilty on similar charges. He was certain no common methods of concealing himself from their search would be effectual, and that in attempting to fly to another part there would be every danger of being taken on the way.

It was under these circumstances that Theodosius determined on plans equally strange and novel: for a moment they might appear to a common observer as the

sudden and whimsical resolve of a flighty and romantic mind; but, under more mature consideration, it was easy to be perceived they arose from the most crafty and artful views, neither rashly collected nor precipitately executed. He had discovered, in one of his rambles round the eastern part of the castle, a subterraneous passage, the entrance to which was carefully concealed under a square stone in the paved floor of a small retired anti-chamber; it by chance caught his eye in observing a small indent made for the purpose of raising it, although in that rough kind of way which plainly confirmed the use of it was intended to be kept private.

Theodosius determined to explore this passage, and, having procured a lantern for that purpose, descended several steps, and traced its various windings to a considerable length, when he suddenly found himself in a large square vaulted chamber. From a peculiar stone in the upper part was suspended a copper label, on which, with some difficulty, he discovered to be written in ancient Spanish—"To the chapel of St. Mark."

He had no doubt but this might be removed; and perceiving an iron bar in one of the apartments, which most likely had been kept there for that purpose, he immediately made several attempts to raise the stone, which, after some exertion, he effected with as little noise as possible; and having ascended some rude stone steps, which likewise seemed placed there for a communication with the chamber above, he soon found himself in a remote part of the chapel of St. Mark. He had already seen this place, and the order of monks who occupied it, as a common spectator. He now found the great gates, which were the only apparent entrance, were closed, and he took a general and particular view of the place: he then quitted it by the way he had entered, and, carefully observing to leave no traces of his visit, returned to the castle. This discovery, on reflexion, appeared to hold forth a probability of the most essential service. The information he had received from Venice rendered it absolutely necessary that immediate steps should be taken to conceal himself.

The mind of Theodosius was naturally vivid, and prompt at invention. Long before his arrival at Madrid, he had heard of the uncommon superstition of its citizens, and during the period he had been an inhabitant of it he found the character fully verified.

On this basis he formed a scheme as enterprising as it was new and uncommon; a plan which, although for the moment it appeared wild and chimerical, he was well aware required considerable exertion to execute. He had marked the extravagant conceptions produced by a belief of supernatural power being invested in those whom a Supreme Being had alone created. He witnessed the popularity of such a belief, and determined to adapt it to his purposes by a general imposition on the world. The enthusiasm of religious bigotry formed the principal roots to these weak and heterogeneous opinions. Ecclesiastical tyranny in part rested its existence upon their power, and the entangled connexion of church and state at length rendered it a point of national policy to maintain them. Man was

not suffered to judge for himself: his mind was to be formed under a slavish docility to the tenets it was thought necessary he should imbibe: his belief was required on points unexplained, and his assent demanded without conviction. To doubt, was heresy: to object, was atheism. Tales of wonder were substituted instead of simple facts, and their authenticity vouched for to the vulgar by those whose veracity they dared not call in question. Theodosius observed these causes with a scrutinising eye; and when he reflected that prejudice and errors of education had, in a course of time, rendered the higher orders of society as subject to this mania as those whom it was at first considered necessary to deceive, he entertained the most flattering presages of success. He resolved to join the community of St. Mark, by means of the subterraneous passage, in a manner which would immediately present him to the whole city as one more than human. His person, since his last illness on his journey to Madrid, was so materially altered, that, under the disguise of the habit of St. Mark's

order, he entertained little fear of discovery. He was convinced that, to support the improbable character he intended to adopt, it would be necessary to use various exertions, even after the credulity of the monks might permit him to bear the insignia and partake of the ceremonies of their institution. On these points he trusted to future events, which he conceived, by proper management and skill, he might contrive to render striking proofs of his pretended power.

The tale of Theodosius de Zulvin will ever remain a glaring proof of the folly and weakness of mankind: it is most likely the effects would have been similar in any other country, had the same causes been exerted to produce them. To suppose that the attributes of that Being, by whose omnipotent power we were brought into existence, instead of being solely vested in himself, are irregularly conferred on certain classes of mortality, is equally inconsistent with reason, as it is repugnant to morality and religion. It is a subject on which argument should be considered as degraded, in

any attempts to procure conviction of its fallacy: it is a corruption of public opinion, which should be held up to public scorn; and the garb of superstition torn from the fancy-sighted monster by a *national ridicule.*

Theodosius had the marquis of Olvernardo completely in his power; he knew that his interest might be exerted to render his station in St. Mark's monastery on a firm basis, as well as on casual points which might hereafter arise. He considered it would be policy to secure his child, and he accordingly conveyed the infant to the habitation of Gideon, and placed it under the care of his wife, who had already the charge of his own daughter. This woman, totally averse to the connexion which subsisted between her husband and Theodosius, and aware of the punishment to which justice might hereafter subject him, determined on an imposition upon both, which might be considered as an act of uncommon sagacity and discernment. When the infant of the murdered Lucretia was presented to her, and she was informed of the high rank

of its father, she had little doubt but at some future period it would be exposed to considerable danger, from various circumstances or motives of interest which might agitate its uncle.

Theodosius had seen his own child but once since his arrival at Madrid: that which was now added to her care was about the same age, and a strong likeness characterised the features of each.

Gideon, likewise, had little time for observing them, and Penelope artfully contrived to change their clothes the first night on which she received the infant Lucretia, and presented them the following day to Theodosius under their false titles. This act she resolved for some time to conceal even from her husband, cherishing the hope that at some future period the discovery of it might serve as an instrument to mitigate the punishment he was daily liable to receive. A short time after, the marquis was taken from the desolate apartment of Olvernardo in the manner already related; from which period Theodosius chiefly secreted himself in those chambers by the

assistance of Gideon, who, to prevent suspicion, took up his residence in the suburbs of Madrid, as one of small independence.

Theodosius had every thing in readiness for his singular attempt on the community of St. Mark; and after settling with Gideon certain points as to the manner of their future interviews (and various other schemes which he had projected), he habited himself in the costume of the order, which he had already procured, and proceeded to the chapel by the subterraneous passage, where he awaited the entrance of the monks, who found him prostrate at the altar before an elevated crucifix. Their surprise and consternation at this discovery were extreme; while the manners of Theodosius partook of all the mysterious solemnity the character he was going to adopt so materially demanded. In his explanation to the monks, he boldly declared himself possessed of attributes superior to his fellow creatures; asserted he had been nominated a member of their community by a power the most high and omnipotent, who patronised their

order, and who had taken this method to confirm it.

It is not, perhaps, so surprising as may at first appear, that the holy fathers should thus tamely submit to the imposition; nor were they totally void of disinterested motives in receiving him among them. They considered a member, procured through means apparently so strange and wonderful, would at once give them an *éclat* in the eyes of the public, which might add considerably to the emoluments and fame of their monastery; while a hint, which Theodosius artfully contrived to convey, relative to certain large sums it would hereafter be in his power to bestow upon them, at once occupied their whole attention, and soon rendered them totally indifferent whether the donor was mortal or immortal.

In the course of a few hours, the tale of the wonderful appearance of an additional monk in St. Mark's monastery spread through the city. Numbers of persons surrounded the building to behold him; the event at once became the topic of conversation; while the members of the commu-

nity confirmed the extraordinary manner in which they found him in their chapel.

Theodosius (who had now taken the appellation of De Zulvin) perceiving his success in the first and principal plan he had formed, determined that no exertions should be wanting to increase and enlarge his operations. His great point, which was the concealment of his real name and person, seemed accomplished; he had no apprehensions of discovery, from the peculiar alteration in his features and figure; and there seemed every probability, that he would be able to play upon the citizens of Madrid with unbounded imposition, by that remarkable ascendency which one under his circumstances was always sure to possess over them.

Theodosius, however, was still poor; and to remedy this evil was the next plan for his consideration. Since his departure from Venice, the holder of certain estates in that city (to which his father had been nominated sole and rightful heir) had suddenly died; they consequently now devolved to Theodosius: but a strong doubt remained

whether they would not be confiscated to the public use, under the heavy charges that were at present levelled against him. Theodosius, however, had hopes of recovering them, founded on the idea that, as he had undergone no trial to prove his guilt, the government would be dubious of enforcing punishment in the same rigid manner as if that ceremony had already taken place. Although such hopes might not, perhaps, prove him to be so thoroughly versed in the laws of Venice as he was on various other subjects, still they were powerful enough to urge him to use various struggles for the attainment of them, although founded on expectations rather wild and chimerical. Gideon had already written to Venice, more than once, accounts of Basvalo's death, under details the most plausible; increased by his actual indisposition on the borders of Spain, to which place he had already been traced by those who were in search of him. Theodosius conceived that, by forming a will, dated prior to the supposed time of his dissolution, empowering Gideon to become possessor of the pro-

perty which he might in future be entitled to receive on the right of his father, and by the former transmitting such an instrument to Venice, and placing it in the hands of a certain able advocate, more renowned for his great knowledge in particular quirked points of the law than for either his fair reputation or real learning in his profession, there might be a considerable likelihood of the property being recovered. 'Tis true he remained at the mercy of Gideon for the after disposal of it; but Theodosius considered, according to the latter arrangements, he had at least some chance of possession.

The following day to that on which these plans were fixed, which was shortly after his strange appearance in St. Mark's monastery, Gideon presented to him a letter which he had received from an Italian in Algiers, whom he had formerly known, which mentioned, that signior Basvalo was then a captive in that city; that he had been rescued from the waves, during the storm in which the galley wherein he was sailing for Achaia was wrecked, by an Algerine corsair; was conveyed to the Dey, and concealed his rank under the idea that

the very large ransom which might be demanded for his liberty could be evaded, in waiting for a general release of common prisoners, which was soon intended to take place through the exertions of the Spanish government, and in which he had hopes that the Italians would not be excluded.

Theodosius, thunderstruck and mortified at this information, considered that, in case of his father's return, there might not only be increased danger of the discovery of his person, but all hopes of possessing the property for which he had just laid such considerable plans must be frustrated. He immediately formed the cruel resolve of preventing his parent, if possible, from receiving benefit from the arrangements that were then taking place in the Spanish cabinet, for the release of the unfortunate captives in Algiers. His interview with the marquis of Olvernardo for this purpose has been already mentioned; their exertions succeeded; and the unfortunate Basvalo expired a few years after, under the hardships of a common slave, in the gardens of the Dey. On discovering he was not included,

according to his hope, in the number released by the interference of Spain, he made several attempts to declare his rank, and assert his claims to respect and attention: but his first concealment of them seemed to throw a doubt upon his veracity; and the friend of Gideon, who received an immediate answer to his letter, had promises of great pecuniary reward to use every art to prevent the assertion of Basvalo, relative to his rank and consequence in Italy, from receiving implicit belief.

This man immediately grasped at the golden bait which was offered him, and asserted that Basvalo was a maniac; by which means his cries for justice were considered as the wild ravings of a disordered mind.

Theodosius's motives for these cruel proceedings still failed of success. The government of Venice, after some deliberation, entirely laid aside the claims of Gideon, and confiscated the whole of the property which the latter demanded.

It is not surprising that Theodosius, although unpopular with the generality of the multitude, was employed as confessor by various fanatics of the city: among the

principal of these was Ursula Elva, a woman of small competency. Her gaieties and imprudence in the early part of life were supposed to have brought to the grave a husband, of whose tenderness and affection she became truly sensible but a few months before the close of his existence. The pangs of guilt and remorse, which a retrospective view of her conduct produced, at once plunged her into that state of religious phrensy, which is often the result of a career the most depraved and licentious.

Theodosius was well calculated to work upon the feelings of one like Ursula. He laid a powerful hold on some secret events and indiscretions which her confessions laid open to him, and soon rendered her the entangled slave of his crafty designs.

He wished to remove his own infant and that of his deceased sister from the care of Gideon's wife. There were points in her conduct which gave him reason for suspicion, and they would have still more alarmed him, if he had supposed she was in the entire confidence of her husband. He resolved to place the infants under the

charge of Ursula, over whom he had ascendency enough to demand acquiescence to any scheme he might choose to propose.

Ursula purchased, according to his desire, a small cottage in another province, where she removed with the young children, who De Zulvin one night suddenly demanded from Penelope for that purpose.

Theodosius the monk (for such became his general appellation) seemed now to have established upon a firm basis the extraordinary and eccentric plans he had formed; yet he well knew it would be necessary to keep alive the attention of those who were the dupes of his imposition, by any concurring events which his ingenuity might form into apparent proofs of his supernatural power; as any long period undiversified by such actions might give time for reflexion, and endanger him by a chance of returning reason in the multitude. He paced at times the terrace of Olvernardo, perhaps with a view to raise those reports concerning the eastern part of the building, which were afterwards universally propagated. The domestic who was discharged from the castle for declaring he had observed the fi-

gure of a man traversing those parts had no doubt observed the monk in one of his nightly walks. It was at his instigation he was dismissed; by which means the appearance became universally known.

Twelve years elapsed, and he still found means to continue his assumed character. Some threatening cavils had been formed against him, particularly by his brothers of St. Mark; and although banished from their community, when they found his promises superficial, still their public reasons served but to encourage those opinions he so greatly wished to maintain. Ursula Elva (who resided near the city of Oviedo with her young charge) soon found *that* pity which she had felt for their friendless and unprotected state ripen into the most strong and lively affection. She was acquainted by the monk with some general particulars relative to their birth; she was taught to suppose Lucretia the natural offspring of a nobleman of high rank in Madrid; but of his name she was kept in entire ignorance, while the murder was carefully concealed. On the few points with which she was acquainted, she was desired to keep the most

tenacious secresy, and to educate the females with the strictest ideas of obedience to him who placed them under her care.

It is not surprising, when the character of Ursula is considered, that she so closely adhered to the injunctions of the monk, and that the anxious inquiries of Leonora and Lucretia concerning their parents were expressed in vain.

They had attained their twelfth year, when Theodosius was first introduced to them; they were then informed they must no longer consider themselves than as foster sisters, and that they were to leave the cottage and Ursula most likely for ever.

De Zulvin had various reasons for this arrangement. Ursula had already had them under her care long enough to experience affection for them, perhaps little less than if they had been her own offspring. The monk saw it with apprehension; he wanted no such affection to be felt toward them; he conceived the mind of Ursula might rise superior to his artifices under such forcible stimulas to exertion. He had likewise still stronger motives. His ambition had raised

a visionary fabric of the highest gratification. He resolved that his daughter should be joined to the male heir of Olvernardo.

Under these ideas, it was necessary her education should receive a polish suited to the rank he had marked out for her, and he had already fixed upon a place for her acquiring it. Among the distant relatives of the late unfortunate mother of Leonora, was a lady of considerable rank, who, from a very early period of existence, fixed upon the monastic seclusion of a convent, and with peculiar enthusiasm resolved to dedicate her whole life within the walls of one of high repute on the borders of Leon. Her correspondence with Leonora during the life of the latter was regular and uninterrupted, and she received the account of her death with the most heartfelt regret. Some years after, this lady arrived at the dignity of abbess of the convent of A— (the same that she first entered), while her high accomplishments and amiable manners endeared her not only to the sisterhood, but to families of the highest rank in the province. Theodosius rightly considered that,

under a woman like dame Diona de Cervetes, he might rest perfectly satisfied as to the acquirements of his daughter, without being necessitated to appear often himself, to observe if his wishes were fulfilled. The manner in which he introduced himself to the abbess was under the same mysterious circumstances as he appeared to the world in general; and he did not fail to make use of various species of information which he had received from her own letters to his late wife, that at once created the utmost degree of surprise, not totally unconnected with sensations of horror, at the person who addressed her.

It is to be considered, dame Diona was an enthusiast: her early choice of seclusion and a monastic life confirmed it; and, although the very amiable traits of her character rendered her highly interesting under the habit she had assumed, still she was not entirely divested of that superstition which formed the very essence of her station.

These observations may in some measure account for the sensations which Theodosius's interview with her produced, when he

brought to her mind various reflexions she had formerly experienced, couched in language the most florid and energetic.

Lucretia and Leonora were placed under her care. She took the most lively interest in their welfare and comfort: their improvement in every polite accomplishment was more than usually rapid, while the affectionate behaviour of the abbess rendered them truly happy.

On the night when they were first introduced to her, she was struck with the likeness which she traced in one of them to her departed friend: she had already received a similar information, relative to their birth, &c. to that which was given to Ursula.

Theodosius laid considerable stress on her instilling into their minds an implicit obedience to his will; he desired Leonora might enter as much as possible into life; but he expressed a total indifference on those points with respect to Lucretia.

He promised to visit the convent of A— shortly after his first introduction of the females, but six years elapsed, and it was not fulfilled. In this period the youthful cu-

riosity of Leonora and Lucretia induced them to put those questions to the abbess which they had formerly urged to Ursula; but they were equally unsuccessful, for dame Diona's silence was occasioned by the same causes as that of the former.

Theodosius, about this time, began to observe the growing affection between Albert d'Olvernardo and Cassandra de Gosmond; he perceived it would be necessary to take immediate methods for the promotion of the schemes he had so long had in contemplation, for the aggrandisement of his daughter, in her alliance with the heir of Olvernardo. Lucretia, whom he had hitherto preserved with such care (under the mere selfish idea that her existence might, through some unforeseen events, be of service to him) now appeared only as a burden. To restore her to her father, whom he had given to understand she was no more, would, he considered, renew past scenes, and bring forward various inquiries he had every reason most scrupulously to avoid; while it would be placing another object to partake of that wealth which

otherwise would, in all probability, be chiefly enjoyed by his present heir.

From these sources of reasoning Theodosius immediately wrote to the convent of A—, to prepare Leonora for her departure from it, and Lucretia to receive it as her residence for life.

The distress with which this letter was received, and the oath which Lucretia took in opposition to the demands it contained, have already been related. The monk was informed of her disobedience, and immediately visited the convent. His rage instantly fell on the lady abbess, with whom he demanded a private interview. Donna Diona, naturally of a weak and delicate constitution, felt the alarm and horror which the violence of his manner occasioned strike her to the heart. His imprecations and blasphemies were uttered with the most horrible facility, while he was so far transported by passion, from that cool and politic line of conduct he had hitherto pursued, that he actually drew a poniard from his cloak, and held it to the breast of the terrified abbess, who sunk senseless at his feet. Theo-

dosius supposed for some moments she only fainted; but he soon discovered she was speechless. The monk rang for assistance; the abbess was conveyed to her bed, where she remained in a kind of stupor without power of utterance for several hours, and shortly after expired.

The reports which were instantly raised, concerning the monk (who quitted the convent immediately) having destroyed the abbess by poison, being totally void of truth in the end were of considerable service to him. The proofs of his innocence on this accusation were perfectly substantiated, in a meeting of the monks of a neighbouring monastery, among whom a faction had been raised against him; they served to increase his popularity among the religious devotees of that part, insomuch, that he became a principal instrument in placing as a successor to the dignified office of the late abbess, a woman, whose fanaticism and violence of disposition, he saw, would be more likely to aid those points he wished to accomplish than the amiable character she succeeded. She had no sooner entered on

her new station, than, by the orders of the monk, she began to enforce the demand he made to Lucretia (respecting her taking the veil) with the most violent measures; while Theodosius himself, in several interviews with her on the subject, used every exertion to terrify her into compliance. Their attempts, however, were in vain. Lucretia, in the remembrance of her oath, acquired renewed courage to defy their tyranny, and Theodosius quitted the convent in a rage. From this period the treatment of the new superior became a regular system of oppression: she separated Lucretia and Leonora, and confined the former in a chamber which had been allotted to the late abbess. In one part of it was a cabinet where she had kept several papers in a private drawer, the secret spring of which she had, some time before her death, explained to Lucretia and Leonora. This drawer had escaped the vigilant search of her successor. Lucretia discovered within it several writings, and, after some hesitation, determined to review their contents. They were chiefly letters from the mother of Leo-

nora to Donna Diona, and one of them contained a description of Theodosius, with a slight yet striking sketch of his features. Lucretia was aware she had somewhere seen the resemblance of the countenance; another had a post cript at the bottom in his own hand-writing; the manner in which he formed certain words was remarkable, and the astonished Lucretia beheld the exact counterpart of several in the epistle she had lately received from the monk. She immediately traced the features of Theodosius in the sketch which had so forcibly struck her; while his real name, country, and connexion, seemed in part developed. De Zulvin's letter to the late abbess, respecting the plans he had arranged to be adopted by Leonora and Lucretia, was the only one he had ever written to her. It is probable his writing was formed in a similar manner, but that her concern and distress at its contents prevented her at the moment from recollecting its resemblance to that she had many years before received in one from her friend.

In Theodosius it was most certainly an

oversight; he must have forgot so trivial a circumstance as writing a postscript of a trifling nature so long past; or it is probable he would have been aware of the discoveries to which it might lead.

The finding of these papers were fatal to Lucretia. The lady abbess suddenly burst into the room at the moment she was replacing them in the drawer. Intelligence of the event was immediately sent to the monk: he was showed the manuscript which the supposed daughter of his sister had so strangely procured, and foresaw with distraction that his real name and family were most probably made known to her. He quitted Madrid under considerable agitation, and, on his arrival at the convent of A—, had a private interview with the abbess, by whose conversation he plainly perceived she remained ignorant of that information which he suspected Lucretia possessed. The latter had been considered by him for some years past as a considerable burden; since her steadfast refusal to immure herself within the walls of a convent for life, she had become far more so; but the

knowledge he conceived she might lately have acquired at once rendered her very existence a point too obnoxious to be supported. It was one of those circumstances in which Theodosius was as resolute as he was desperate; and he at once resolved that Lucretia should die. He again wrote to Leonora; and explained his reasons for his not wishing her to take the veil; while he secretly arranged plans for the murder of her beloved friend.

An assassin was procured, who had already enlisted himself under the banners of the monk, through the means of Gideon.

This man attended him as a servant in his last visit to the convent of A—, for the purpose of removing his daughter and Lucretia. The abbess had received injunctions not to permit them to see each other, and they were strictly fulfilled.

The monk conveyed them from the convent in two carriages, and took every precaution that they should gain no opportunity of speaking together.

Leonora's anxious inquiries after Lucretia, whom she was told, a short time be-

fore she left the convent, was to accompany them, were answered only by severe rebukes from Theodosius. At one place, however, where they halted a few minutes for refreshment, she gained a sight of her in the carriage which followed them, and her altered looks at once confirmed the distressed state of her mind. Leonora attempted to fly into her arms, but was prevented by the monk. Her anxiety increased, when, towards the close of the evening, they arrived at the skirts of an extensive wood, which had been fixed upon by Theodosius as a place for the execution of his diabolical intentions.

It was planned that Basil (the wretch who had undertaken to sacrifice with his own hand the unfortunate female) should contrive to make the muleteer who drove the vehicle in which she was placed slacken his pace at this part, by which means they soon lost sight of the first carriage, and the darkne s of the evening rapidly increasing, they were shortly entangled in the intricacies of the wood. The muleteer, who was aware of the probability of being necessi-

tated to remain in this dreary spot the remainder of the night, if he proceeded much further, began to complain of the situation, and declared he was unable to trace the road which the first carriage had taken. Basil, who officiated as an outrider, instantly grasped at this opportunity to get rid of him. He informed Lucretia (who was near fainting with terror and alarm) that he was well acquainted with the spot, and would undertake, by a near way, to conduct her to the monk on foot, who, he had no doubt, would wait for her, when he discovered she was missing. Lucretia at first hesitated at this offer; but the driver perceiving that it would be a good opportunity to get rid of them, positively declared he would proceed no further. Basil did not attempt to alter his resolution, and Lucretia saw no alternative, but to accept the proposal of the outrider, or remain in the gloomy part where she then was the whole of the night. She immediately determined on the former. The carriage and mules were dismissed, and, conducted by Basil, she proceeded along several winding paths, the intricacies of

which increased every step. After some time, Lucretia began to suspect she was deceived, and inquired, with a voice faltering under fear and apprehension, how long it would be before they joined the monk? Basil was arrived at the part where he intended to commit the bloody deed, and, as Lucretia halted to listen to the answer he might give to her question, he suddenly plunged his poniard into her bosom. She fell senseless at his feet, but survived for a short time under the most excruciating tortures.

Basil beheld her distorted features, in the last agonies of dissolution, by the trembling beams of a half obscured moon. Callous as his heart might be to every feeling of humanity, he could not but experience something like remorse, as he gazed on the body of his unfortunate victim at this period. Never did a sickly ray of light appear less welcome to his eye, than that which was then shed on the bleeding corpse of Lucretia.

Theodosius, ever suspicious of the instruments he employed to perpetrate his crimes,

had given Basil strict orders to attend him towards the following midnight at the solitary inn; a description of which has been given in an account of the twins and signior Zadok's first journey from Seville to Madrid.

Basil was not altogether pleased with this arrangement; but the large bribe which Theodosius offered for his services was of too much consequence to be forfeited under any nice punctilios in the undertaking. He was well acquainted with the wild, desolate, and unfrequented spot in which he had committed the deed—a place peculiarly calculated, and often used for assassinations of the most horrible nature, and equally abandoned by the police as by the cautious and general traveller. He actually concealed himself in the most intricate and deep recesses of the wood till the following night; when, placing the body of Lucretia in a sack (which he had for the purpose), he proceeded by a more retired and much nearer road to the inn than that which had been taken by the monk, who had contrived to make the muleteer drive considerably out of

the way, that their arrival might be prolonged till the dusk of the evening.

The landlord of the inn was a man of desperate character; the ignorance and simplicity of his manners were principally affected through motives of disguise; his house was chiefly a place of rendezvous for those to whom the forsaken country that surrounded it was both useful and congenial.

With respect to the affair in which the monk was then concerned, the landlord was only a part in his confidence; he was not, perhaps, acquainted with the particular circumstances of the murder which had been committed, but, by the various orders he received from Theodosius, he could not be ignorant but some unfair proceedings were going forward. He, however, seldom concerned himself to search too minutely in affairs of this nature; his study was to give that *accommodation* which procured him a liberal payment, and at once stifled his curiosity.

The monk had before visited his house, and inhabited a chamber in which he

had by chance discovered a door concealed under the hangings; it opened to a private staircase that descended into a retired and small court at the back of the house, and was screened from view by a quantity of thick foliage which covered it. The landlord had orders to conduct Basil up this staircase on his arrival at the inn at midnight, in which interview he was to confirm the death of Lucretia, by presenting him the corpse in the court below.

The anxiety and alarm of Leonora for her friend was extreme. They were necessitated to remain in the wood till day-break. Theodosius continued to assert there could be no danger, as she was guarded by an outrider. They halted some hours the next morning at a poor house of public entertainment, under the idea of hearing some news of Lucretia. Leonora was inconsolable, and the monk was much offended at the apprehensions she expressed.

At the close of the evening they arrived at the solitary inn. Theodosius declared his determination to remain there till they received some information. The arrival of

Orlando, Osmund, and signior Zadok, occasioned him considerable surprise and uneasiness. Had not their muleteer taken a wrong road, they would not have passed this house; they were not aware of the hazard they ran in inhabiting it; but, fortunately, the landlord was at that period too much engaged to take those advantages of his guests he might otherwise have done. At the time of his request to Orlando, relative to sleeping in the next apartment to Theodosius, it was his intention carefully to have concealed the circumstance from the monk; while the description of the supernatural power he possessed was most probably, in part, believed by himself. By the persuasion of his wife, however, he was afterwards prevailed upon to make Theodosius acquainted with the arrangement he had made, who listened to it with the utmost chagrin and vexation. He had already heard the names of the travelers, who, he knew, were daily expected at the castle. They were to him the most unwelcome guests that could have entered the inn on this night; while Orlando being placed in

the next chamber to that which he intended to occupy rendered his situation still more embarrassing. He at first determined not to retire to this room during the night, but he considered his absence might only create suspicion. He had the strongest wishes to impress on the minds of the brothers (who were so shortly to become inhabitants of Olvernardo) the popular belief of his peculiar powers; and for this purpose he at length resolved to practise in the chamber above certain mysterious actions, which, if observed by Orlando in the next apartment, would at once tend to convey an idea of his concerns in magic; while the landlord had strict orders to wait the arrival of Basil, and prevent his ascending to the chamber. The landlord, who had enjoyed himself rather too freely with a friend after the monk retired, entirely forgot the charge he received relative to Basil, and actually went himself to rest without executing it.

Theodosius, shortly after he entered his apartment, began to rehearse those ceremonies which he well knew must occasion considerable wonder, and give rise to va-

rious suspicions, should any one behold him. —During this period, Basil arrived at the part which opened to the staircase, with the body of Lucretia, which he had no sooner disengaged from the bag in which he carried it, than he suddenly heard the footsteps and voice of some one near, whom he was convinced was not the landlord. He instantly suspected there was danger of discovery, and the latter not appearing, seemed to confirm the suggestion. The voice and footsteps approached: it was the friend with whom the landlord had just parted: he was equally elevated with his host, and by chance blundered on the spot where Basil stood. The assassin instantly flew to the private staircase, and rushed into the chamber of the monk with the body suspended across his arms.

Theodosius, who, by a certain chemical process, had raised the blue mist already described, heard some one suddenly burst into the apartment. There were moments when the horrors attendant on a guilty mind were experienced even by the monk. An instant's consideration might have apprised

him of the visitor; but an involuntary trembling agitated every nerve, and he became fixed in the posture in which he stood, without daring to turn his head to search for the cause of interruption.

The mist evaporated, while the reflexion of Basil's figure with the corpse of Lucretia was visible in the mirror before which he was placed. Orlando's situation in the next apartment gave him a full view of the glass and the horrible images it presented; while the bed, which has been before described, screened the opposite angle from view, where Basil stood equally alarmed with Theodosius at the danger of discovery, which he supposed he had just escaped, while he pointed to the body he held, unable to give utterance to his fears. Theodosius, at the first moment he beheld the ghastly resemblance (unaware of the cause which produced it) felt a thrilling sensation of horror through every nerve which he had perhaps never before experienced. He almost instantly recollected that Basil must be in the chamber, yet his presence of mind did not so far forsake him

but he remembered that if he suddenly altered his position, should he be overlooked from the next chamber, it might still further raise the curiosity of the observer, who, he was certain, could not see the part in which the murderer stood ; while it never occurred to him that the reflexion might be as visibly exposed as to himself.

A few moments after Basil entered the chamber, the landlord, who had been reminded of his neglect by his wife, appeared at the door, and calling Basil in a low tone of voice, motioned him to return without disturbing the monk.

Theodosius, to prevent further discovery, had again raised the blue mist at this period, which concealed the glass from Orlando's view ; and Basil, satisfied of his safety when he saw the landlord, directly obeyed his command. The latter, to make amends for his neglect, although he at first pretended to be shocked at the murdered figure of Lucretia, assisted to bury the body at the bottom of his garden. On his return to his own chamber (which was only divided by a thin partition from that in which

Leonora slept) he gave his wife a particular detail of the events, owing to the slight state of intoxication in which he still remained; she could not prevent his elevating his voice at parts, sufficient to give Leonora some conception of them, who was awake on his return, and hearing in the first words he uttered the name of her friend, immediately listened with more attention to the following part; which information (when she received the news of Lucretia's death the next morning) at once served to raise the most horrible conjectures on the cause of it.

Leonora, dreadful as her suspicions might be, never breathed them to any but Ursula, who derived that knowledge of the affair which she explained in the manuscript from this source. The former, in her relation to Osmund, carefully concealed those circumstances within her own bosom, while she had little conception of the instrument he possessed which called upon *her* to confess them.

The monk, at a very early hour in the morning, had an interview with Basil and

the landlord; every point was settled to their satisfaction, and the tale of Lucretia's being murdered by banditti was fixed upon to be related to Leonora as soon as she arose. She listened to it with the utmost distress and horror; her father seemed offended at the effect it had upon her, and hurried her into the carriage in which they were to continue their traveling.

They proceeded much more rapidly than at the beginning of their journey, while no material circumstances occurred before the conclusion of it.

Ursula had some time before received instructions from the monk to remove from the cottage where she had resided for many years, to one which, by the assistance of Gideon, he had already prepared for her reception in the suburbs of Madrid. Since the departure of the children he had placed under her care, she had most seriously reflected on the ascendency which this man had acquired over her; and, although increasing age and approaching infirmities seemed rather to decrease than add to the vigour of her mind, yet she beheld her con-

duct in submitting to it in a very different light to what she had formerly done. Still her belief of his supernatural power was not to be shaken: on that point she remained equally credulous till her death. To Theodosius's request, that she would quit her former cottage, she at the moment seemed much averse; but when he hinted at a probability that Leonora and Lucretia might be restored to her, she undertook to perform the journey with alacrity. The monk considered that in this arrangement he would be better able to watch the actions of his daughter, and could at a short notice (if peculiar opportunities occurred to demand it) introduce her to him to whom he had so firmly resolved she should be united.

Ursula and Leonora met under the strongest emotions of tenderness and joy, but the interview was embittered by the loss of their beloved Lucretia; the pretended circumstances of whose death Leonora related, with her strong suspicions (and the causes for them) that she was actually destroyed by the orders of her father.

The distress and horror this relation occa-

sioned in Ursula at once added to the ill state of health under which she had for some time languished. The idea that she had in part been concerned with one of so horrible a character as Theodosius preyed upon her mind; the shade of the unfortunate murdered Lucretia continually floated before her eyes, and seemed to call upon her as an instrument of retribution on the guilty monk.

One night, after Leonora had retired to rest, she composed that accusation against him on a roll of parchment, which was afterwards, through her direction, discovered by Osmund.

The priest occasionally visited them: and in these interviews several times hinted his determination of marrying Leonora, by means of which she would be called from the recluse state in which she then lived, to scenes of high rank and splendor. Leonora was by no means rendered happy by this information, while Ursula (whose health rapidly declined) still continued, at intervals, to dwell upon her obedience to the monk. Leonora requested of her father medical aid for the former, but

he was aware of the danger of granting it, and would not listen to her entreaties. The evening before the night on which she died, she became much worse; Theodosius visited them at a late hour. Although he perceived she could not survive, he was not aware her dissolution was so near: he again refused any assistance being procured. Osmund's entrance to the cottage immediately the monk quitted it, which the latter observed, with an account of the paper which he received from the dying woman, directing him to the concealed closet for the manuscript, has already been related, as also the sudden removal of Leonora from the cottage to the eastern apartments of the castle, which was effected entirely by the exertions of Gideon.

Theodosius, in his reflexions upon what had passed in his chamber at the solitary inn (on the night when he had reason to suppose Orlando witnessed his actions) recollected with considerable emotion that there was a probability of his having seen the ghastly representation of Basil in the mirror, which for the moment occasioned

himself such violent sensations of horror. Gideon immediately received orders to probe the character of Otto, and soon conveyed the welcome intelligence, that there was little doubt but he might be brought over to their interest by an offer of pecuniary reward of some consequence. Theodosius was not in want of the power to make such offers; his demands on the coffers of the marquis were never rejected. The plans on Otto were effected, and the very first information they received was fully adequate to the expense of his conversion. Otto by chance had an opportunity of looking over a letter of his master to Don Diego, in which Orlando mentioned his strong suspicions of the criminal character of the monk, and hinted that he had reasons of a peculiar kind to occasion them. This intelligence at once confirmed the doubts of Theodosius, with respect to his having witnessed the reflexion of Basil with the body of Lucretia in the mirror at the solitary inn. He was aware of the imminent danger in being thus exposed to one whose high station in life and fair character would

render an accusation from him of the most serious consequence. From the moment this information was received, Orlando was marked by Theodosius as his prey. It was a point which, for a short period, engrossed his whole attention. He was conscious that, until its accomplishment, the whole fabric of his imposition stood on a tottering basis.

Otto's information with respect to his master's progress in play and dissipation was daily conveyed to the monk, who inferred from it the most favourable presages to his plans.

Orlando's character was soon delineated in the penetrating mind of Theodosius, in colours the most accurate and vivid. He received a correct account of his education, and he observed that the ideas he had imbibed on the value of possessing a high reputation were sustained by an enthusiasm far superior to that which he felt for those virtues which formed the very essence of it. Nor did the traits of Osmund's character pass unnoticed in his retrospection. He congratulated himself on the pro-

bability that *he* was ignorant of those scenes which his brother had witnessed in the solitary inn; for he foresaw considerable danger in commencing hostilities with one similar to Osmund de Mellas.

Otto, who was entrusted with the letter and miniature from his master to Barnarvo the jeweler, immediately discovered by the actions of the latter (whom he was desired to follow to the house of Don Israel) that a certain sum of money was raised upon its value; while the request of Orlando, on his return, to deceive his brother, by the falsehood of having injured its frame, at once elucidated the whole event, a relation of which was immediately conveyed to the monk. In a similar way Theodosius was made acquainted with the loan which he received from Otto, while he only waited for a favourable opportunity to enter more busily into the plans for his destruction.

On the night that Osmund visited the deserted chambers of Olvernardo, Theodosius accidentally passed the external part at the moment the former was hesitating whether he should enter. The monk determined, if

possible, to alarm him in a manner which should prevent a second attempt of this kind, as he was aware it might produce consequences he most dreaded. For this purpose he hurried to the chambers through another door-way at a small distance, and met Osmund as he was crossing the first apartment. The cold body against which he thrust his hand was a part of some armour which Theodosius had at first determined to use in the execution of his plans, and was conveying to a small anti-room at the further part. The meeting with Osmund at this place was sudden and unexpected ;—he grasped his arm perhaps involuntarily, and instantly fled to the corridor. The groans were uttered by the monk with an intent to draw him forward. The discovery of the sabre in the circular lobby rendered him rather a formidable opponent, and Theodosius became more cautious. His passing through the concealed door, which he happened to discover, was immediately turned to advantage by the priest, who, rushing from a dark recess in which he had placed himself, instantly

closed it, and prevented his return. He then immediately, by a private passage, proceeded to the anti-chamber of the banqueting room, which contained a small opening secreted by the tapestry, and by means of which he suddenly disappeared when Osmund entered it. It was likewise the pale countenance of the monk which he beheld when he awoke from his sleep; but the alarm which his dream had occasioned, added to the imperfect light, prevented him from recognising it.

Theodosius, on leaving the eastern parts of Olvernardo, re-opened the door of the circular lobby, by no means wishing that Osmund's ramble should be continued after day-break.

The monk, who observed daily the apparent increasing affection between Albert and Cassandra, considered it would be highly impolitic any longer to defer his intended proposals or demands to the marquis on that point; he accordingly, in a private conference, explained them. Olvernardo, however, contrary to his wishes, was necessitated to comply. His interview

with his son the following day on the subject has been already related.

Orlando's progress, in respect to his loss of the marquis's money with Don Esau, and the ruin of Laura, were minutely conveyed to the monk by means of his artful domestic. The knowledge of the former he acquired through combined circumstances. He had some acquaintance with the persons who lodged in the next room to the miser, and their relation of what they had heard partly confirmed the fact: but Otto, immediately after he received this information (which was on the evening of the same day,) instantly repaired to the marquis's banker's, and inquired, as if by order from that nobleman, whether any money had been paid into his account?—to which question he was answered in the negative.

The ruin of Laura was revealed by her distracted mother in a fit of insanity before her dissolution; and although Orlando had considered himself perfectly secure from a discovery of this nature, it was by accident only that it was concealed.

The man who superintended the house to

which she was taken had some knowledge of Otto, and being unable to read or write himself, actually conveyed a paper to the latter (which had been written by the unfortunate Donna Barbara under the wild ravings of despair) for the purpose of being informed of its contents through his means. It called down curses on the dishonorer of her child, under the name of Orlando. Otto imposed upon the ignorance of this man by reading the sentences in such a manner as to obscure their meaning, while he instantly destroyed the writing.

Orlando's resolves to take the money from the escritoir of the marquis, though carefully concealed within his own bosom, yet occasioned him a degree of anxiety and agitation which did not pass unnoticed by his watchful servant, who had likewise, unperceived by his master, observed him during his first reverie on the subject, at the moment he saw the marquis leave his study without securing his desk. Although from his manner and actions it was impossible exactly to define his intentions, still they gave rise to those conjectures, when re-

lated to the monk, which determined him to watch Orlando most closely. By the assistance of Otto his wishes on this point were accurately fulfilled. Theodosius the whole evening was in a private chamber near that which was inhabited by Orlando; and Otto, when dismissed by his master, placed himself in a situation in the corridor, which enabled him to mark the actions of any one who entered it. The faint rays from Orlando's shaded lamp, as he proceeded to the marquis's apartment, discovered his figure to Otto, who instantly repaired to the monk with intelligence of the room at which he had stopped.

Theodosius immediately proceeded by a concealed passage to the chamber, and entered, unperceived by Orlando, through a private door in the tapestry.

The effects of this interview have been described; and the means by which the monk acquired that knowledge of Orlando's actions, which so greatly alarmed him, may likewise be traced through the medium of Otto.

Theodosius had already procured the pic-

ture from Don Israel which Orlando had pledged by the hands of Barnarvo. Gideon was dispatched on this embassy; and gaining admittance to the Jew (under the pretence of asking some question relative to several large sums of money which a nobleman, in whose confidence he was, wished to borrow) he observed the picture which he wanted to redeem. He pretended to be much struck with the resemblance it had to a very near relation of the person on whose account he paid that visit, and who was distressed that he retained no likeness of her features. He inquired if Don Israel would sell it. The Jew hesitated. From what he had heard from Orlando, there seemed little probability of his ever being able to redeem it, and his intimacy with Barnarvo strengthened this idea.

Gideon, who did not appear over anxious in the business, coolly observed he would mention the circumstance to his patron, and let him know the result.

In a second visit, a few days after, he said that the nobleman would wish to possess the miniature; but, on account of the

very great dealings which were going to take place between them, he would expect in some degree to be favored with respect to the price; he however offered three hundred pistoles prompt payment. The Jew determined to accept this offer. He was certain of being a gainer, even if he paid the penalty for not producing it; while the disobliging one from whose pecuniary embarrassments he expected to gain so much at once prevented him from a refusal. Gideon paid the money, which was, as usual, procured from the marquis, and departed with the picture; while Don Israel anxiously waited for another interview, which should commence the business on which he had laid so great a stress, but which, to the Jew's severe disappointment, never took place.

Theodosius, although he was acquainted with the conference which the marquis had with his son, relative to a union with Leonora, (and that, owing to the strong injunctions of his father, Albert had in part consented to forsake Cassandra, and be introduced to the former on the night of the masquerade) was still aware that his plans

were by no means secure on that point: he was sensible of the affection which Albert and Cassandra had imbibed for each other, and conceived the difficulty there would be in attempting to separate them. These were the considerations which prompted him to practise the deception upon the latter on the night of the public entertainment.

It is likely that Theodosius would never have ventured to have put such a scheme in execution with any hopes of success, had he not first well studied the character of her at whose destruction he aimed. He reflected on all the probable effects that would occur should his designs succeed, and was perfectly convinced they were worth a trial.

Cassandra's dishonour might be made known, which there was little doubt would at once frustrate her alliance with Albert Olvernardo, and the suspicions which would fall upon him as being the author of it serve to irritate and prevent explanation on either side; while Orlando, in the performance of this act, would still further entangle himself in the power of the monk, who might

awe him with threats to discover the author of it.

Theodosius dispatched the forged note to Cassandra, which, in Albert's name, made the appointment for her to be at the castle in a certain dress. The characters and diction of the latter were copied in so dextrous a manner on this paper, that there was little doubt of the deception being discovered by one possessed even of a far greater share of penetration than Cassandra.

It was by means of the miniature that Theodosius and the marquis determined to introduce Albert and Leonora to each other. The monk, who himself attended the masquerade, procured it from the latter after she received it from Olvernardo, and presented it to Orlando. He immediately used it to strengthen the deception on Cassandra, who, when she observed it, followed him without hesitation to the deserted chambers, which had already been prepared by the monk for their reception.

Gideon, who was this evening employed among the supernumerary domestics of the castle, to attend in the anti-rooms, had strict

orders from Theodosius to keep a watchful eye upon the entrance which led to the east apartments, and at intervals to traverse the passage, that in case any of the visitors or servants should by unforeseen circumstances discover it, and led by curiosity to proceed, they might be immediately ordered to return.

Gideon attended strictly to the injunctions of the monk, and, through his over care to perform them, mistook a turning in the dark part of the passage, and lost himself in the intricacies of the apartments. In attempting to return, he rambled through several deserted rooms, and at last came to that where Orlando and Cassandra had just arrived before him. The door by which he entered was situated in a remote part from where they were seated. Orlando observed his figure through the gloom which surrounded it, and, agitated by the terrors of conscious guilt, fled with the utmost precipitation at the sight of him. Gideon likewise instantly abandoned the chamber, and, after a considerable time, arrived at the inhabited parts of the castle.

After the conclusion of the entertainment he immediately repaired to the monk, and confessed the blunder he had committed. But this was not the only information he had to communicate. Gideon at a late hour of the evening had received a letter from his correspondent at Algiers (who acted as a spy upon the actions of Don Alphonso), by which he was informed that both Don Alphonso and himself were actually landed in Spain. The latter gave a particular account of their freedom having been procured through the humanity of one of the Dey's officers, who, wishing to acquire some knowledge of the Spanish tongue, was induced to receive lessons from Alphonso, whose manners struck him in a visit he paid to the Dey. This arrangement at once gave him an opportunity to clear himself of some charges which had been laid against him, and to make forcible remonstrances against his detainment in Algiers. A relation of his sorrows softened his pupil, whose strong request to the Dey at last procured his freedom.

Ubert, the man from whom the monk had received such essential services, by his perfidy to the unfortunate Alphonso and Basvalo, had been banished from Venice for crimes of considerable atrocity; but the vessel which conveyed him from his country being taken by the Algerines, he shared the same fate as the whole of the crew, who were immediately sold as slaves on their arrival.

Gideon's knowledge of this man first commenced when the former was so unjustly confined on suspicion of treason, and which may be accounted his first lapse from virtue. It was from him intelligence was received of Basvalo, and he who received also the orders relative to the plans for detaining Alphonso.

In this correspondence Theodosius's name was never mentioned. Gideon was the only and entire instrument who appeared concerned in the transaction. Considerable sums were contrived to be conveyed to Ubert for his services, who, fearful of returning to his native country, found him-

self perfectly satisfied in the emoluments he received for watching the actions of his fellow slave.

By the most artful insinuations he gained the confidence and good opinion of Alphonso, who at length actually felt for him a sincere regard. It was these feelings which urged him to gain Ubert's liberty by the means he procured his own. Algiers had no attraction for Ubert if Alphonso quitted it, and he had little apprehension of being discovered in Spain. Under these considerations he embarked with the victim of his treachery, and, after a very favourable voyage, they landed at Gandia. Ubert's principal aim then was, to make Gideon acquainted with their being in Spain, and, if possible, detain Don Alphonso from entering the capital, or any other principal place, till he received an answer, which might give him instructions how to act. He wrote to Gideon immediately they landed, and, unknown to Alphonso, dispatched the letter post to Madrid by a man he procured for that purpose. In this epistle he contrived to mention the very inn where they might

be found; for as soon as they arrived at it Ubert determined to proceed no further, but, under a pretended indisposition, at once raise an impediment to the progress of their journey.

It was the contents of this letter which Gideon had to communicate to Theodosius. The disappointment which he experienced in the failure of his scheme against the honour of Cassandra, added to the information which Ubert's letter contained, occasioned him considerable chagrin and agitation, which were greatly increased by the arrival of Otto at his chamber, to say that he had just received orders from his master to prepare for leaving the castle in the course of an hour.

Theodosius's distress and apprehensions were now perhaps more acute than he had ever experienced since his arrival in Madrid; yet he still continued firm and composed in his resolves, which were executed with his usual promptitude and success. Otto was asked if he knew to what part Orlando intended to go; Otto answered in the negative, and declared that he believed

his master himself remained undetermined on that point. This artful domestic was then ordered, if possible, to contrive to draw him to that inn where Ubert had appointed to remain with Alphonso, but by no means to urge it so as to create suspicion of his intentions. If Orlando proceeded to any other part, he was to keep a watchful eye upon his actions, send an account of them by letter to Gideon, and wait further directions from the monk.

Gideon was desired to procure two men on whom he could depend, and conduct them himself to the inn already described, near which they were to conceal themselves, and meet Theodosius after sun-set in the hermitage behind it, while he himself departed from the castle about an hour before Orlando and his servant. He traveled in a hired carriage which he overtook about a mile from the castle; he was muffled up in such a manner as partly to conceal his features, and alighted at a small house of entertainment but a little distance from the place of rendezvous.

Orlando, whose state of mind at the com-

mencement of his traveling totally prevented him from forming any determination with respect to what part he should proceed, was easily and imperceptibly led by Otto, who immediately on his arrival at the inn repaired to the monk with an account of his success. Ubert and Gideon were already with him; the former was desired to proceed to the small inn where Theodosius had taken up his residence, and wait his return. Otto received orders to return to his master, and Gideon and the monk remained together. The latter, although he had considerable proofs of the fidelity of both Ubert and Otto to his interest, yet resolved not to trust them with the knowledge of the plans he had resolved (if possible) to execute this night; they were only laid open to Gideon.

Theodosius carried with him in a small phial a poison of the most fatal kind, and formed the horrid resolution of having it mixed in the drink of Alphonso by his own son.

He had various reasons for this measure. It would have placed Orlando still farther

in his power by ties of the strongest nature; and at the present he had no other means of taking the life of Alphonso without considerable hazard of discovery. The short notice which he had of his arrival in Spain totally precluded him from procuring a hired assassin for the purpose. Basil was no more, and the monk was too wary to trust a deed of such a nature to one whose punctuality and faith he had not previously experienced. The situation in which he now stood demanded that he should be prompt and desperate. Don Alphonso, if not prevented, would in all probability soon discover his relatives; the cause of the deceased Basvalo might be exposed by him, and the most minute inquiries and public investigation produced as the consequence of it.

The monk had already resolved, if Otto had failed to draw his master to the appointed place of rendezvous, to have Alphonso conveyed to one of the secret and subterraneous chambers of Olvernardo, where he might easily be detained a prisoner, without any danger of discovery, till other plans could be adopted.

The arrival of Orlando rendered these schemes unnecessary, by an opportunity to attempt those with which Theodosius was far better satisfied.

The only object now was, to gain an interview with him; and while he was consulting with Gideon on this point, they saw him enter the hermitage. This was an opportunity not to be lost. Gideon immediately quitted the monk, who discovered himself in the manner which has been before related.

The very great reluctance which Orlando seemed to feel at executing the murder which was proposed to him, and to which he at last consented, gave Theodosius suspicions of a failure in it; and on this account he afterwards ordered Gideon immediately to repair to the house, and, as one of the guests, watch the progress of their plans. Gideon did so, and carried a relation of the events which followed to the monk, who waited his return with the utmost impatience.

Theodosius was again chagrined and perplexed. It was necessary some means should

be devised to prevent another interview taking place between the father and son. Otto, who attended this council, knew of a private entrance to the chamber of the latter, having been at the inn several times before, and once slept in the room his master now occupied.

The monk determined to make use of this advantage, and was immediately conducted by Otto to the door he described.

The few words which he addressed to the disturbed and harassed Orlando have been already mentioned. On his return to Otto, he desired him to alarm his master with a feigned tale of having overheard some conversation by the people of the house, who entertained suspicions of his intending to murder one of the guests; he was desired to urge Orlando to remove instantly from the inn, and use all his exertions for that purpose. Ubert had orders to delay, by every possible means, the progress of Alphonso's journey the next day, and conduct him to a certain retired spot during the close of the evening. In this place Gideon and his companions waited with a carriage

which they had procured in the morning, under the pretence of conveying an unfortunate insane man to Madrid, who had two days escaped the vigilance of his keeper, and contrived to wander about that part.

Alphonso was unable to struggle against his powerful opponents; his weak emaciated frame was not capable of withstanding the hands of violence; he was placed in the carriage, and, during their journey to the capital, he was represented to the few, whose inquiries his conductors thought necessary to answer, to be a melancholy dangerous lunatic, whom they were conveying to a place of confinement. They contrived to enter the city at dark. They alighted from the carriage in a very retired part, and, tying a handkerchief round the mouth and eyes of their victim, led him to the subterraneous chambers of Olvernardo, where they were met by Theodosius, who had purposely contrived to arrive there some time before them and prepare the apartment destined for Alphonso's reception.

Within this dreary cell the unfortunate man was confined till the dreadful night

when he was saved from the machinations of the monk by the timely exertions of Albert and Osmund. The events in his life since the period of his departure from Spain for Sicily (under the employment procured by his uncle), although grievous and oppressive, were yet in themselves trivial and uninteresting.

The vessel in which he sailed made every effort and exertion in combating the superior force of an Algerine corsair; a storm, which arose during the action, produced some favourable circumstances for the enemy, and necessitated the Spaniards to strike, not however before the chief part of the crew were destroyed. The captured vessel became a wreck, and a part of her being afterwards discovered, as well as the bodies of some of the crew (who had plunged into the waves in hopes of escaping their cruel conquerors) gave rise to the strong suspicions that Alphonso had perished in a similar way. His knowledge of the misfortunes of the elder Basvalo was occasioned by his being purchased by the same master; a relation of their miseries

produced the strongest friendship. Alphonso attended the unhappy Italian in his last moments with the tenderness and affection of a son; and faithfully promised, should any fortunate event free him from the galling chains of the tyrants of Algiers, that he would use every exertion to procure justice for the injuries he had suffered, by being excluded from partaking in those arrangements which had, a short time before Alphonso's arrival, gave several of his unfortunate companions an opportunity of releasing themselves from bondage and returning to their country and friends.

The artful and insinuating manners of Ubert were perfectly successful in the plans for which they were intended. Alphonso had no suspicion of his villany; he placed him in his confidence, and conceived for him the warmest regard and esteem. So firmly was he fixed in his good opinion, that it never failed him even after he was conveyed to the subterraneous chambers of Olvernardo. He considered that Ubert (who disappeared on the evening they were attacked, after a faint struggle with their

opponents) was entirely unconcerned in the plot which had been formed against him, while his conjectures in attempting to discover who were his enemies proved fruitless and unsatisfactory.

He was regularly supplied with food in his dungeon, through a small grated window, by the hands of Gideon. His mournful complaints had some effect upon the heart of this man, who began to sicken under the tyranny of the monk, and trace back the past consequences of their connexion with horror. Through his means Alphonso received various kinds of nourishing victuals, which the monk had strongly forbade his being supplied with; and he even at times ventured to support his sinking spirits by words of comfort and consolation.

Gideon dared not to extend his favours to the unfortunate prisoner, fearful of the monk's discovering of them. Although he wished to extricate himself from the tyranny of Basvalo, he dared not attempt it. He was aware he had been an accomplice in every charge he was able to bring against

him, and would be considered equally guilty in the enormity of the crimes. Fortunately, his timely conference with the late marquis d'Olvernardo obviated the principal difficulties that had hitherto deterred him from abandoning Theodosius, and he readily grasped at an opportunity which held forth such desirable consequences.

Ubert, after having received a considerable sum as the price of his perfidy, immediately joined a desperate band of robbers, who had long infested the surrounding country of Seville. The leader of those men was his countryman, and well known to him. These reasons, however, were not perhaps the most forcible which urged Ubert to attempt, directly he was released from the charge of Alphonso, to trace out their place of concealment. He had a brother who, at the time of his banishment from Italy, was the sole companion and partner of the enterprising robber that was now established as the captain of the banditti that so often infested the suburbs of Seville. Strange as it may appear, Ubert (although the principal events of his life represented

him as callous to every tie of humanity) had ever experienced towards his brother the most lively affection and regard. He received the information of his having suffered an ignominious death, some few years past, under violent emotions of distress; while he solemnly swore to be revenged on him who had acted as a principal in bringing him to justice.

The person to whom this oath particularly pointed was Don John de Mellas, whose friend the brother of Ubert had not only plundered of a considerable sum, but used with such extreme barbarity, that, after languishing for some months, he expired through the wounds he had received.

Don John was with him at the time of the robbery. They were returning rather late from spending the evening a few miles distant from the city, when they were suddenly desired to halt by three men, whose appearance immediately confirmed there was every thing to apprehend from their molestation. Being each armed, they resisted for some time the attack of the ruffians, one of whom fled shortly after the skirmish

began. The second, with which Don John was engaged, contrived to draw him a considerable distance from his friend, who, having received a wound in his shoulder, was unable to hold his sword, and sunk under the brutal attack of his adversary. Having plundered him of his purse, and treated him with the most ferocious cruelty, he left him under a supposition that he was no more, without aiding his companion, who was still struggling with Don John, and who at last evaded him through the peculiar intricacies of the place. The latter having placed his friend upon his horse, supported him by walking on one side of it, till they arrived at a small cottage about a mile from the spot, where medical assistance was immediately procured, but little hopes given of his recovery. After languishing under the most excruciating tortures for several weeks, he at length expired, universally regretted by the inhabitants of Seville.

The brother of Ubert was secured about six months after the event. Don John was positive as to his person: on his evidence the

culprit was condemned to die, and suffered accordingly.

The other two escaped justice; one of which was him to whom Ubert made his application.

This man (who had the strongest wishes to prevail on him to join their band) urged, as the most likely incitement, the probability of his being able immediately to revenge the death of his brother, by assassinating Don John, of whose visits to a friend some distance from Seville they had already received information. In these excursions they were aware he was necessitated to pass over a barren heath at a late hour on his return home, under which circumstance their plans might be performed with perfect security.

Ubert agreed to the proposal; and that this deed of blood (as well as the profits that were likely to arise from it, in the plunder of Don John) might be all their own, they determined to conceal their resolves from the rest of their comrades, and secretly sally forth at the hour they expected to execute them.

The particulars of these resolves were conveyed in confidence by Ubert to Gideon, and from Gideon to the monk; who, after reflecting if the information could in any way be rendered serviceable to him, passed it over as casual news, and gave it no farther consideration. At the time, however, of his interview with Osmund on the terrace of Olvernardo (when the words of the latter, relative to the murder of Lucretia, so greatly surprised and alarmed him) the recollection that that very night and hour were fixed for the assassination of his uncle suddenly flashed upon his mind. The monk was prompt, resolute, and at times desperate, under events that required immediate exertions. Such a period was the present one, and he instantly conveyed the information to the astonished Osmund, accompanied by all the action and gesticulation necessary to raise the idea that he uttered it by means of supernatural power.

Circumstances most aptly concurred to aid the monk in this attempt to impose a belief of his immortal agency. Don John was actually murdered a few miles from Se-

ville, at the same hour the deed was declared to his nephew on the terrace of Olvernardo at Madrid. If Ubert or the captain of the banditti had been the assassins, there would have remained a considerable probability of their persons being secured, and a confession taking place; but although their revenge was gratified, they remained innocent of the charge of depriving Don John of existence, and their intentions on that point were carefully concealed within their own bosoms.

On the night which they expected Don John, they found that an excuse for quitting their comrades was needless, for the whole of them were distributed in various parts round their dwelling, in search of some traveling merchants, whom it was supposed, by information they had received, would pass near the skirts of the heath.

The captain and Ubert chose their post near the spot to which they had already determined to repair; but making too free with the contents of a large bottle of spirits, in drinking success to their schemes, they wandered, in a fit of noisy inebriety, a con-

siderable distance from the path they intended so minutely to watch, and were absent at the time Don John passed in his return to the city.

Another of the robbers however, who took a wider range than his companions, in hopes of meeting with the merchants, crossed him as he was proceeding with a hurried step, and immediately demanded his purse.

Don John resisted, and the consequences have already been related.

Ubert and the captain soon understood, from the murderer himself, that their wishes had been accomplished; and they conceived it prudent not to disclose their former intentions.

The band, after the discovery which was made of their residence, were necessitated to abandon that part of the country, and became distributed in various directions.

Ubert, a few days after the death of the monk, was taken in the act of robbing a grandee of the first rank, and was offered his life to make a full relation of what he knew relative to Basvalo, and other circumstances in which he had been engaged

From his confession the above particulars were collected, and shortly after he quitted Spain, under sentence of perpetual banishment.

The information of the robber to Osmund, who suffered for the murder of his uncle, was perfectly correct. He had never seen the monk, and was entirely innocent of any premeditated designs to destroy Don John.

From this chance and unexpected event the character of Theodosius was impressed on the mind of Osmund in colours still more awful and mysterious; he blushed to become a convert to opinions he had formerly ridiculed and despised; yet the specimen he had received for that purpose was of too serious and strange a nature not to stagger the sentiments he had formed.

The interview on the terrace, which occasioned the exertions of Theodosius on this point, first discovered to him the intimacy of Leonora with Osmund. His concerns with Orlando about this period had so much engaged his time and attention, that he failed to keep that watchful eye upon the actions of the latter, which, since her resi-

dence in Madrid, had formed his principal care.

The apartments which she inhabited were sufficiently distant from that of the unfortunate Alphonso to prevent any suspicions of her discovering that a prisoner languished beneath her chamber; while Gideon had the charge of supplying her, through the medium of her attendant, with every kind of food she might require.

Theodosius, at a very early hour the following morning, ordered his daughter immediately to depart with him from the castle; while Gideon had the chief of the furniture conveyed to one of the inner chambers, and sent the young female attendant to the cottage from which she had been received.

The monk conducted Leonora in a remise to the convent of A—, where she was once more placed under the same abbess from whom she had before received such severe treatment.

From the monastery she was afterwards released by the king's order, procured, after the confession of Gideon, by Don Felix,

and arrived at Madrid time enough to embrace her father, the marquis d'Olvernardo.

The monk regularly received intelligence from Otto during his residence with his master at the cottage of the recluse; through which means he was acquainted, not only with the illness and recovery of Orlando, but of the property which Don Francis had buried in his garden. Otto contrived to derive this information from the old domestic of the former, whose age and infirmities had began to impair her understanding. She however was unable to give any accurate information with respect to particulars; she only knew it was near the pedestal that stood opposite to an harbour in which Don Francis often reposed after dinner. Otto's sagacity soon improved the hint which he received from the old woman. At midnight he conveyed an iron spiked instrument to the place, and forced it into the ground at certain parts round the pedestal. He soon discovered the exact spot where the chest was deposited, by the resistance with which the instrument met,

while the ground was so slightly disturbed as to prevent any discovery of the action.

The most minute description was immediately dispatched to the monk, who, after hearing of Orlando's sufficient recovery to remove, immediately repaired to the neighbourhood of the cottage, and having stopped at a small inn about three miles distant, he was there met by Otto, who informed him of the hour in which his master usually walked, and it was determined the monk should take that opportunity to discover himself. This plan was accordingly executed, and Orlando was desired to proceed to Murcia.

Theodosius already knew there was a probability of Cassandra's visiting that city. Gideon, who had for some time ingratiated himself with the servants, learned through their means, that Don Everard had thoughts either of sending his daughter to Murcia, or accompanying her himself, he having several relatives who resided there.

The monk had not resigned his designs upon Cassandra, or his hopes of uniting

Leonora with the heir of Olvernardo. Under these ideas, he conceived that if he could once more throw the former into Orlando's power at Murcia, there could be little doubt of her honour becoming sacrificed to his wishes; an event which would answer his purposes, by preventing an alliance with Albert. It was such anticipation which urged him to promote Orlando's immediate removal to that place, where he contrived to meet him under the porch of the cathedral at the night and hour he had appointed.

As Don Everard had not then began to make any preparations for removing to Murcia, Theodosius only desired that Orlando should not leave the city, but remain for further directions, which future events might require.

Immediately he received intelligence of Don Everard and his daughter's departure from Madrid he again repaired to Murcia, and, knowing that Orlando regularly attended the cathedral, he a second time suddenly discovered himself in a remote part of the porch.

He informed him of Don Everard and

Cassandra's arrival, and urged him to ingratiate himself in their favour; he yet promised him the gratification of his wishes with respect to the latter, by the aid of plans he had formed for that purpose. These plans, as well as those for ridding himself of Alphonso, now occupied the chief of his time. The existence of Orlando became nearly as obnoxious to him as that of his father. The uncommon popularity of the former in Murcia rendered him a still more formidable enemy, should he burst those shackles by which the monk held him, and by a desperate effort defy his power.

Theodosius well knew his only ground of security on this point rested in certain conceptions and ideas which ruled the actions of the unfortunate victim of his finesse. He was aware, that, should such characteristics of his nature become in any way affected as to their stability, the failure of that extraordinary power he had hitherto possessed over him would prove the ultimate consequence; an event which he most dreaded, and resolved, if possible, strenuously to prevent.

The greater the magnitude of the crimes in which he could contrive to plunge him, the more perfect he considered his security, in the increased terrors he might convey by his threats of discovering them. Theodosius, however, was not actually determined on urging Orlando to become the assassin of his own father, at the time he formed the plans for Cassandra's conveyance from Murcia to Olvernardo. The destruction of *her* honour was then his only point of attainment.

Through the recommendation of Gideon, he employed three men for his purpose, and, having dispatched them to Murcia, desired them to conceal themselves as much as possible, and wait his arrival at a certain obscure inn, in a retired part of the city. He followed immediately himself, and being arrived at the place of rendezvous, was joined also by Otto, who, as usual, related the particulars of every event which had happened to his master since his last interview with the monk.

The scheme for securing the person of Cassandra was then detailed to each of the

party, with the strictest orders for it to be executed the first opportunity.

Theodosius had determined to convey her to that cottage where Leonora and Ursula had formerly resided.

Before he quitted Madrid on this last expedition to Murcia, he plainly perceived, by the tenor of Gideon's behaviour, that he began to entertain some scruples of conscience relative to his past conduct, and the present plans in which he was engaged. Alarmed at the discovery, and fearful how far such ideas might increase during his absence, the monk resolved to conceal from him the place in which he intended to confine Cassandra.

The following morning after his arrival at Murcia, Theodosius contrived suddenly to meet Orlando at an early hour in a dark street, on his return from the gaming-house. He informed him that Cassandra would suddenly disappear from the city, and gave him directions in what manner to act upon hearing of it.

The information of his transactions with Don Esau de Cavet, as well as Osmund's ar-

rival, was conveyed to Theodosius by Otto, who by chance heard of the latter immediately he entered the city. Theodosius conceived it necessary that Orlando should have notice of the event, and be even still more guarded in his actions, while his brother was capable of scrutinising them.

For this purpose, he walked towards the house where the late unfortunate Laura Barnarvo died. By casually asking a few questions of a girl who stood at the door, he understood she had just expired; and shortly after he observed Orlando hurry from it, apparently under considerable distress and agitation. He followed him, until an exclamation which called upon his name gave him an opportunity to discover himself in a manner most suitable to the impression he wished to convey. After informing him of his brother's being in Murcia, and giving him still further directions with respect to his mode of conduct on Cassandra's disappearance, he again left him.

An opportunity shortly occurred to execute those arrangements which had been formed to force Cassandra to Madrid. The

artful pretended message delivered to her by one of the accomplices, which induced her to proceed towards the house of her physician, instead of returning home, on the evening she was so suddenly conveyed from Murcia, at once placed her in the power of her enemies. The inhabitants of the houses where they stopped for refreshment were deceived by a false tale, which imputed her to be insane; and the same plea was ordered to be adopted, should any inquiries be made during the few days it was intended she should be kept at the cottage.

The monk closely followed his emissaries on their journey. On his arrival at Madrid he found the marquis much indisposed, and began to entertain serious apprehensions as to the confessions he might be induced to make. His alarm likewise increased with respect to the fidelity of Gideon, and he resolved, if possible, still to keep from him the place of Cassandra's confinement. The men who had charge of her received additional cautions on this point, and were promised considerable rewards for attending to them.

The girl who was procured to attend upon Cassandra was the daughter of one of those that assisted in detaining her. The description of the malady which they asserted she laboured under was given in a way to terrify her from befriending the unhappy prisoner.

Theodosius had at first determined to conduct Orlando, on his arrival at Madrid, to this cottage, under a disguise which would prevent Cassandra from knowing the author of her dishonour. On the accomplishment of their scheme, he determined to convey her from the place at night to some distance from the city, where they might suddenly abandon her to follow her own inclinations.

The denial of admission to the marquis, and the absence of Gideon, at once changed the resolutions of the monk to schemes still more desperate and horrible. He again resolved on making Orlando the murderer of his father, and in some measure to incite him to the act by the possession of Cassandra. He was aware, that by the concealment of this dreadful deed, if once committed (allowing those anticipations he most dreaded

to take place) he might be able to make certain arrangements, in his own behalf, of considerable importance. Even a chief part of the evidence against him would be frustrated by the death of Alphonso (whose existence became daily more irksome to Theodosius), while the probability of his confinement being discovered increased hourly.

That crisis had arrived which appeared to threaten, under combined circumstances, a total destruction to the schemes and power of the monk. The fallacy of the character he had assumed was likely to be publicly exposed: the rage, the contempt of the populace, were the certain consequences to be expected from it. Every circumstance concentrated to render him violent and desperate in his attempts to extricate himself from the horrors that might momentarily be expected to burst upon his head. He had intimation of Orlando's being on his journey towards Madrid several hours before his arrival, procured by one of his emissaries, who was placed upon the road for that purpose. He immediately procured an opiate, which was administered to Cassandra by her young at-

tendant, in a manner the most artful. He likewise contrived to mix a similar quantity of the same liquid in the drink which was daily presented to Alphonso.

It is probable he intended, on the performance of his diabolical plans, instantly to urge Orlando, under threats of an immediate discovery of them, to procure an interview with the marquis, and attempt to frustrate, by every means in his power, the effects of those confessions it was probable might be made both by him and Gideon. He well knew that, in case of the marquis's decease, Albert would be the chief instrument to execute those points of justice which the event he so much dreaded would call forth. Osmund, as the friend of Albert, would in all probability be in his confidence, and might perhaps possess more sway over his actions at that period than any other person. The preservation of his brother from public infamy and an ignominious death would at once act as a stimulus of the most forcible kind to incite him to use all his interest with the heir of Olvernardo to abandon those arrangements which might

threaten his destruction. Theodosius, however alarmed he might be at the difficulties which seemed so fast gathering around him, still reflected on the probable advantages he might derive from the violent and vicious measures he was going to pursue. He received information of the inn where Orlando halted on the night he arrived at Madrid from Murcia; he watched him as he departed from it, and followed him to the spot on which he discovered himself, at a time when the elements raged with unexampled violence.

His continual alarm and agitation since their last meeting had greatly altered his countenance, while his eyes sparkled with a fire even more striking than usual.

There is little doubt, when he heard the domestics of the castle pacing the avenues leading to the eastern chambers, that he entertained no hopes of evading the horrors which awaited him. His actions, in the short interval between that period and his death, were entirely instigated by rage, malice, and desperation. His promise of immediate escape to Orlando, with the grati-

fication of every wish (as an incitement to plunge his dagger into the bosom of his father), was uttered with no intention of performance, and under no view but that of a horrible revenge on those who were the principal instruments of exposing his guilt, and discovering the fallacy of the pretended character he had assumed.

The very sensible effects which he experienced from the lightning rendered him almost unequal to the exertion which the horrible catastrophe of that dreadful night required.

Under the agonies of dissolution, he discovered all his plans had proved abortive; that the very points of attainment for which he had rushed into such complicated acts of villany were, by peculiar circumstances, productive of effects diametrically opposite to those he intended they should produce. That, by the murder of the supposed Lucretia d'Olvernardo he had destroyed Leonora Basvalo his own daughter; that, in his extraordinary efforts for the welfare and elevation of his child, he struggled only for

the fortune and happiness of her whom he supposed he had deprived of existence.

The eye of that Supreme Being, who traces the various intricacies of the human mind, and to whom the intellectual reflexion of every being produced by his omnipotent power is made known, witnessed the actions of Theodosius Basvalo, and counteracted the supposed effects which formed the principal stimula to their performance.

The events of his life held forth examples the most forcible and striking. The inconsistency of superstitious belief, and the ultimate conclusion of a vicious life, are features too striking to pass unnoticed, and too familiar for misconception.

May the history of the Monk of Madrid stand a lasting monument of universal credulity! may the fallacy of supposing man to partake of the attributes of his Creator receive those shafts of ridicule and contempt, which alone are capable of shaking the erroneous opinions of individuals, as well as the general belief of a nation!

## CHAP. XXX.

———Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE memoirs of Theodosius Basvalo at once confirmed to the inhabitants of Madrid the egregious imposition which had been practised on them. It formed a lesson equally striking to the enthusiastic devotee as to the credulous believer of doctrines without proof or conviction. It acted as an example to those whose reason was cramped by the artful insinuations of ecclesiastical tyranny; who were commanded to receive principles with true faith which sealed their oppression; and who dared not exert their own reason, for fear of discovering truths they were taught to suppose as leading tenets towards their destruction. They became sensible (through those events which had presented the Monk of Madrid as an object of immor-

tal agency) that a combination of peculiar circumstances, artfully managed and arranged, were capable of being rendered the most powerful instruments of duplicity.

Don Alphonso de Mellas slowly recovered from the very weak state which his confinement in the dungeon of Olvernardo had occasioned. His health, however, had suffered too much, during his slavery, for him to hope for its perfect re-establishment.

The violent emotions which Don Diego de Mellas experienced on the first information of his nephew's death, and the disastrous circumstances that occasioned it, gradually sunk into a melancholy, which the friendly exertions of the inhabitants of Olvernardo failed entirely to eradicate.

Don Diego was a disappointed man in the accomplishment of those points which he had so anxiously and positively expected as the result of his peculiar system in the education of his adopted son. His hypothesis was formed with too much obstinacy to preserve him from the most acute feelings on its failure; while he possessed that sincere regard for the late unfortunate ob-

ject of his experiment which increased the poignancy of his grief.

Don Everard and his daughter both entirely recovered from the indisposition under which they laboured; and the latter was united to her beloved Albert on the same day which gave Osmund his Leonora, who had before that period adopted her real title of Lucretia d'Olvernardo.

The marchioness and Isabella received their newly-discovered relation with considerable attention and regard. Although the train of circumstances which introduced her occasioned them the most severe pangs, yet they exerted every effort to annihilate the recollection of her father's errors by their present tenderness and affection.

An account of Don Alphonso's misfortunes was related to the king, who, with a generosity which formed a principal trait in his character, settled on him an annual income of two thousand pistoles. He resided with his son, as did also Don Diego de Mellas, who survived his much regretted nephew only a few years, but who received

every comfort and consolation during that period from his remaining relatives.

Don Alphonso lived a considerable time in a state of uninterrupted happiness. The former adversity which he had experienced served to make him feel the blessings which were bestowed upon his declining years with more acuteness and sensibility; and his dissolution exhibited that fortitude and resignation which he had acquired from scenes that seldom fail to produce it.

Isabella d'Olvernardo married a Spanish noble of considerable rank and fortune, with whom she enjoyed many years of uninterrupted felicity, surrounded by a numerous family, and possessed of every comfort to make existence valuable.

Don Everard de Gosmond became a resident in the castle with his daughter and the young marquis of Olvernardo. He died in an advanced age, after having experienced the happiness of clasping to his heart several grand-children, in whom he saw ingrafted the virtues of their parents.

Signior Zadok Bellzenipp was nominated

by the marquis to the head stewardship of his numerous estates—a station of considerable honour and very great emoluments. It bestowed upon him dignity and affluence, without subjecting him to the mortifying idea of dependence or obligation. He beheld his aged parents in the full enjoyment of every comfort to render their declining years truly happy.

Signior Zadok, in the contemplation of this sight, experienced those luxuriant sensations which can only be conceived by a similarity of feeling and situation. The tears of rapturous delight which have often bedewed his wan and sallow cheek, as he watched their felicity or anticipated their wishes, might perhaps appear strange to an uninterested observer, who only witnesses the effects, without power or sensibility to form a conception of their source.

His deformed and distorted body might stand a prominent mark of ridicule to the cruel and the vulgar; but Zadok possessed a soul, in which the omnipotent power of the Being by whom he was created stamped

him one of the fairest works of his Almighty hand.

The marchioness of Olvernardo died a few years after the settlement of her daughter. The knowledge of the past events of the late marquis's life preyed upon her spirits, and at length became the cause of her dissolution.

Albert and Cassandra possessed in each other every domestic comfort and felicity. Their high rank served but to render them the more conspicuous and elevated votaries of virtue; they became models of public emulation, while every glowing trait of excellence was reflected in a numerous and lovely progeny.

Osmund and Lucretia were equally beloved and respected; their fortune was considerably augmented by the death of Don Diego and Alphonso. They received several honours from the Spanish court, and the public voice unanimously declared how justly they were conferred. Their offspring were educated under a system, which formed a medium to those pursued by the late Don

John and Diego de Mellas. They were not secluded from the world with tenacious particularity, or thrown into its vortex with unbounded confidence. They were introduced to it in a manner which gave them every opportunity to form their judgment, without positive controul or dangerous infatuation. A description of the various virtues and vices which chequer human life was conveyed in a manner which neither shocked them with the dark scenes of its depravity nor deceived them by a too florid conception of its merits. The natural trains of intellectual reflexion were allowed, in part, to pursue their own course, and were never cramped, but when they were observed to deviate from the general tenets of morality.

These plans of education, pursued by Osmund de Mellas, were founded upon strong experience and fatal example. While he beheld them with rapture present to him his children ripened into maturity, and adorned with every virtue which does honour to the human name, he could not but shed a tear at the remembrance of him from

whose destruction he had formed the basis of his fabric.

Father of Heaven! it is not for the being whom thy omnipotent power has brought into existence to trace the intricacies of thy works beyond the boundary of that reason with which thou hast endowed man to judge of the animated powers of his own mind. In the reflected attributes of his fellow mortal he may discover ample source for wonder, admiration, and divine enthusiasm; to mark these effects is but the natural wish of an inquiring mind, but to attempt to develop their causes may be accounted presumption.

THE END.

S. Hamilton, Printer, Falcon-Court, Fleet-Street.

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